

Sports Illustrated



JANUARY 19, 1961 \$1.50

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CONTENTS

JANUARY 19, 1981 Volume 64, No. 3

Cover photograph by Andy Hart

Two for the Super Bowl

Jim Plunkett's pinpoint passing and Mark van Eeghen's running powered Oakland past San Diego for the AFC title by Paul Zimmerman 16

Wilbert Montgomery rushed for 194 yards and led Philadelphia to the NFC championship in a 20-7 romp over Dallas by Steve Wolf 22

The Master of Disaster 32

Kelly Tripucks of Notre Dame grew up scuffling with his five brothers. Now he wreaks havoc among Irish opponents by Bruce Newman

The Phantom of the Rinks 36

Now you see him, now you don't, but when New York Islander sniper Mike Bossy shoots the puck, have the red light ready by Larry Brooks

Tackling a New Career 106

After 15 seasons of knocking 'em dead for the Rams, Marvin Olsen is off to a sizzling start in show biz by Bob Otm

The Departments

Scorecard	11	Pro Basketball	94	For the Record	121
Track & Field	43	College Hockey	96	19th Hole	124
College Basketball	85	Golf	103	Credits on page 121	

Next Week

THE CITY OF CHAMPIONS is what Philadelphia wants to be called, and the Eagles have a chance to join the Phillies when they meet Oakland in Super Bowl XVI, Paul Zimmerman gauges the assets and debts of both teams—and picks the winner

BOBBY KNIGHT OF INDIANA has won more games and stirred more controversy at an earlier age than any other major college basketball coach in history. A remarkable profile by Frank Deford examines the man who bewilders friends and foes alike

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 4242 Joe Greene | <input type="checkbox"/> 4265 Lee Roy Selmon | <input type="checkbox"/> 4288 Franco Harris |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4243 Keith Wortman | <input type="checkbox"/> 4266 Reggie McKenzie | <input type="checkbox"/> 4291 Ken Anderson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4244 Phil Simms | <input type="checkbox"/> 4267 Jim Zorn | <input type="checkbox"/> 4292 Greg Pruitt |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4245 Otis Anderson | <input type="checkbox"/> 4268 Steve Bartkowski | <input type="checkbox"/> 4293 Ois Armstrong |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 4254 Cliff Harris | <input type="checkbox"/> 4278 Harvey Martin | |
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VIEWPOINT

by BOB OTTUM

ROBERTO DURAN LOST THE FIGHT WHEN HE LET A SUCKER PUNCH HUMILIATE HIM

All right, calm down. It's been six-plus weeks now since the night of the big bellyache, also known as the Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran rematch, and most of the reports are in. It is now time to set straight who did what to whom. It seems to me that too much has been said about Leonard's matchless boxing skills. Not that he's not terrific; indeed, the kid may be the best boxer since the year of the blue snow. But in this case—in just this one case—that's beside the point.

The point is that it wasn't Leonard's savage blows or lightning jabs that beat Duran last Nov. 25. It was anybody's fight going into the eighth round, and anyone who had Sugar Ray as a shoot-in at that point just wasn't paying attention. What beat Duran was the fact that Leonard humiliated him in Round 7. Leonard sneered and made wickedly knowing impish faces at him; he swaggered and did a bit of Ah shuffling and, the

worst result of all, he wound up a pretender and then sucker-punched Duran in what was maybe 1980's most embarrassing moment in sports.

That contemptuous flicker of a move carried a shock to the pride so devastating that anyone who has ever been outfoxed or out-thusted at something he ordinarily does well must have felt a momentary stab of kinship with Duran.

Everybody is subject to this humiliating psych-out. You, Me, Your old Aunt Hatte and all psychiatrists—who have a scientific name for it. Psychologically, this reaction can be called the I-could-have-beaten-you-but-I've-just-this-minute-had-a-heart-attack syndrome. There is nothing new about it. I have seen it happen to world-class track stars about to be beaten on their own event, they suddenly step off the track with what seems to be a painfully pulled something or other—their version of Duran's stomach. It has happened to downhill and slalom ski racers, suddenly stricken with a seized calf or locked kneecap just as a rival puffs up a heck of a time. At the 1979 world gymnastics championships in Texas, the entire U.S. women's gymnastics team did a Duran.

All of which makes any talk of a rematch lu-

derous, and don't you listen to it. Duran is still steely, of course. Even now, he could go bare knuckles with a water buffalo and win—but he'll never beat Leonard again, I promise you, they would meet in the ring for the referee's instructions. Sugar Ray would sneer knowingly—and there Roberto's stomach would go again.

It was a sad occasion in sport, that such a cruel fate should befall my favorite fighter, the lightweight champ for seven years, with a 71-1 record, including 56 knockouts. I feel somehow diminished that it ended this way. Leonard didn't pound Duran into submission, he didn't knock him silly or even a little gaga. He didn't wobble him or floor him, nor did he daze him. Leonard merely embarrassed Duran right out of the world welterweight title.

Ah, well. Being good at something doesn't necessarily mean you have to be smart at it, as they say, and Duran has surely shown us that Sugar Ray has shown us that he has both an intuitive grasp of the basic psych-out, as well as splendid boxing abilities, and we'll see what else he has when, and if, he fights Tommy Hearns. Meanwhile, thanks for all those good times, *el Roberto*. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* **END**



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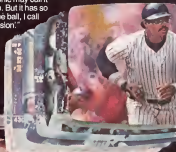
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHBAUM

THEY'RE NO SAM SPADES

Until now the NCAA has policed suspected wrongdoing in intercollegiate athletics in an atmosphere of utmost secrecy. Two court rulings have suddenly changed that. Last month the Tennessee Court of Appeals upheld a request of the Memphis Commercial Appeal for release of documents relating to an investigation that resulted in Memphis State University's being placed on NCAA probation for academic and recruiting abuses. Last week, in a similar suit brought by the Mesa Tribune, the Arizona State Supreme Court left standing a lower-court decision ordering release of documents involving the NCAA's probe into transgressions at Arizona State, which had been placed on two-year probation only the week before. The Arizona ruling came despite the objections of the NCAA, which had argued that release of the documents would have "a chilling effect" on its enforcement procedures.

The NCAA's alarms may or may not be justified. In both cases the courts ruled that the documents should be made public because they involved state-supported institutions. Because roughly half of the NCAA's 735 member schools are state-supported and because even private schools almost invariably receive some public funds, the two successful suits can only encourage the filing of similar suits elsewhere. And as the NCAA argued, the threat that its disciplinary proceedings may be made public could conceivably inhibit its future investigations.

But then those investigations are severely limited to begin with, a fact underscored by the documents released in Tennessee and Arizona. They reveal that after conducting a preliminary investigation into possible rule violations, the NCAA ordinarily submits a list of written allegations to the schools, which are expected to respond after, in effect, investigating themselves. Then the NCAA holds a hearing for assessing penalties. It appears, however, that the schools sometimes provide only the most perfunctory

responses to the NCAA's allegations. Thus, the NCAA asked Arizona State to respond to an allegation that a Sun Devil football player, Gerald Riggs, had sold two complimentary season tickets in 1978 to a booster, Rick Lynch, for \$100 apiece in violation of NCAA rules against scalping. Arizona State replied that it had interviewed Riggs, who said that as a matter of fact he had sold the tickets not to Lynch but to a former assistant coach, Don Baker, who had been mentioned at other stages in the investigation as having on various occasions 1) bought tickets from players and 2) sold tickets to Lynch. This would seem to raise the question of whether Baker might have resold Riggs' tickets to Lynch. But Baker declined to talk to Arizona State's investigators, and they in turn apparently didn't see fit to ask Lynch whether he might have received Riggs' tickets secondhand. But, of course, the NCAA hadn't specifically asked about that possibility. And there the matter was allowed to rest. It's hard to imagine anything having a chilling effect on that kind of detective work.

USING RIGHTS TO RIGHT WRONGS

For the past 29 years San Franciscans have listened to 49er games over radio station KSFO. No more. Last week the city's NFL team abruptly awarded radio rights to a rival station, KCBS, touching off immediate speculation that 49er owner Edward DeBartolo Jr. was thereby settling a score with Gene Autry, the owner of KSFO. Autry also owns baseball's California Angels, in which capacity he voted last month to reject the well-publicized bid by DeBartolo's father to buy the Chicago White Sox. Thanks to Autry and other American League owners who voted with him, the elder DeBartolo's efforts to purchase the Chicago team were foiled.

Was the younger DeBartolo using 49er radio rights to wreak vengeance on Autry? Ken Flower, the 49ers' director of advertising, conceded that while Autry's

vote on the White Sox controversy wasn't the principal reason for taking 49er radio rights away from KSFO, it did play a "significant" role in the decision. Jim Myers, KSFO's station manager, said he was told flatly by both Flower and the younger DeBartolo that because of Autry's White Sox vote, the 49ers would cease doing business with Autry's radio station. Myers said it would be inaccurate to say that KSFO lost its bid to renew its contract; the station, he complained, wasn't even afforded an opportunity to enter one.

THEY RULE THE POOL

The now-official 1980 census confirms a dramatic population shift over the past decade to the Sun Belt. That such warm-weather locales as California, Arizona and Florida are where the action is these days will come as no surprise to anybody, least of all fanciers of college swimming and diving. The NCAA championships were dominated by Michigan,



Ohio State and Yale from the late 1930s until the early '60s and by Indiana in the early '70s, but in recent years schools representing the Pac-10, Southeastern and Southwest conferences have taken over. So complete is the swing that *Swimming World* magazine's Bill Bell says in his annual premeet forecast that at the NCAA championships beginning March 26 in Austin, the top 10 places in the team competition will be won by schools situated in what might be defined as the Sun Belt: Texas, UCLA, California, Florida, Auburn, USC, Arizona, Stanford, Miami and SMU. But that's not all. If Bell's usually reliable predictions are accurate, no competitor from a non-Sun Belt school will be among the top six finishers in any of the 16 swimming events.

JUST PLAIN EX-BILL

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As advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, September 26, 1953.

*The wonderful thing
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is that sooner or later,
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Congratulations,
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fido Bills for nine seasons, starting at guard when they won the AFL titles in 1964 and 1965. Two years ago Bemiller became the wrestling coach at St. Francis High in Athol Springs near Buffalo and was listed in his league's coaches' directory as L.B. Miller. His listing in this year's directory has been changed to Albe Miller.

EVEN, AGAINST ALL ODDS

It was basketball's answer to Affirmed vs. Alydar, two evenly matched Ohio high school teams battling down to the wire:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
FRANKLIN	8	22	34	51
LEBANON	8	22	34	51

Make that beyond the wire. After a three-minute overtime period, the teams were still tied, 53-all. Franklin finally won in the second overtime, 58-56.

BOWLING OVER THE OTHER 48 STATES

Only two schools have achieved victories in each of the six oldest surviving college-football bowls—the Rose, Sugar, Cotton, Orange, Gator and Sun. Brace yourselves, you Trojan, Buckeye, Fighting Irish, Longhorn, Crimson Tide and Sooner fans. Would you believe Georgia Tech and Georgia?

BANNING THE BANG

It might be called the Great Anti-Starters' Gun Crusade, and it all began on Dec. 14, the day of the silent vigil in memory of John Lennon, who had been slain by gunshot six days earlier. To symbolically protest the use of handguns, Fred Lebow, the 48-year-old president of the New York Road Runners Club, decided to forgo use of a starter's pistol at a 10-mile road race in Central Park and send the runners off instead by means of a digital clock. The 1,000 competitors watched as the clock ticked off 40 seconds—one for each year of Lennon's life—and then took off. Later, Lebow says, he was deluged with so many letters, phone calls and personal comments favorable to his anti-gun gesture that he decided to ban the use of starter's pistols at club events permanently.

"It was a force not to be resisted," says Lebow. "I've never in my life believed in any sort of gun. And it doesn't take any outstanding logic to figure out that handguns are for one purpose only—to kill people. We shouldn't be glamor-

izing them at our races. Our objective is to make a statement. Runners have been shot and killed, too, you know."

Lebow says he will urge other running clubs to enact similar bans, a prospect that can scarcely please manufacturers of starter's pistols. A spokesman for Massachusetts-based Harrington and Richardson, Inc., which makes starter's pistols plus a full line of firearms, somewhat lamely insists that because they fire blanks, such guns should more properly be referred to as "starting devices." More to the point, he notes that guns, which were used to start horse races in the earliest frontier days, have traditionally been used for starts at swimming and track meets because, as he puts it, they "provide a sharp, definitive, readily recognizable sound that has the added value of overcoming crowd noises." He adds that such pistols are also used in dramatic productions, to test the reactions of Seeing Eye dogs and, not least, to signal the end of football games.

One can only guess what effect, if any, Lebow's move might have. Contrary to what he implies, some runners have responded to his innovation with guffaws. While his digital-clock countdown worked well enough, subsequent experiments with other alternatives to pistols have been fiascos. An attempt by his club at starting a five-mile run on Jan. 4 by popping a large balloon was a flop; the balloon didn't pop but merely deflated gradually, spoiling the start. Undaunted, Lebow says he intends to experiment with gongs, which have been used to start road races in England, as well as with air horns and exploding photo flashes. But he concedes that the club will continue to fire a cannon for the start of the New York Marathon, because of the need for a tremendous report that all 17,000 runners can hear. "A cannon isn't a concealed weapon," says Lebow. "Very few homes have one. Although if I felt that in some small way we could stop world wars, I would try banning cannons, too."

CITY OF THE NAKED THUMBS

At the end of each NFL season, the G.C. Murphy store in downtown Pittsburgh customarily holds a clearance sale on discontinued Steeler T-shirts, beer mugs and other such paraphernalia. But the Steelers' surprising failure to make the playoffs for the first time in nine years has apparently had a depressing effect on this year's sale; the store manager, William

Bader, reports that some of the Steeler-related merchandise is selling only one-third as well as last year. The marked-down items include a Steeler coin bank (reduced from \$7 to \$2.50), a tumbler (reduced from \$5.95 to \$3.95) and a mirror (reduced from \$9.95 to \$6.95). But the biggest bargain is a button bearing Mean Joe Greene's prediction that the Steelers would win their fifth Super Bowl ring this year. Originally priced at \$1, buttons carrying the slogan "One for the Thumb in '81" are now going for two bits.

PARTING SHOT

Another disappointment of the '80 NFL season was the showing of the Baltimore Colts, who wound up with a 7-9 record and in the season finale, a 38-28 loss to Kansas City, drew only 16,941 fans at Memorial Stadium, the smallest home turnout in the franchise's 28-year history. What's worse, some fans started leaving as early as the closing moments of the first quarter, by which time Bert Jones and the Colts had stumbled to a 21-0 deficit. Bob Cairns, an assistant information director at North Carolina State, attended the game and overheard one man mutter as he headed for the exit: "Hit the lights and lock it up when you leave, Bert."

THEY SAID IT

• Sam Rutigliano, Cleveland Brown coach, who grew up in the same Brooklyn neighborhood as Oakland Raider Managing Partner Al Davis: "He's Mr. Intrigue. He knows the serial number of the Unknown Soldier."

• Barry Switzer, Oklahoma coach, on the ballot he cast in UPI's final college-football poll, which awarded the mythical national championship to Georgia: "I voted for us No. 3, Pittsburgh No. 2 and Herschel Walker No. 1."

• Al Smith, the Colorado Rockies' backup goaltender, after being thrown out of a game in which he left the bench and exchanged punches with Boston Bruin goalie Jim Craig, hero of the 1980 U.S. Olympic champions: "I felt like I was punching the American flag."

• Jim Tunney, NFL referee, offering his whistle-eye view of the typical fan: "He'll scream from the 60th row of the bleachers that you missed a marginal call in the center of the interior line and then won't be able to find his car in the parking lot."

END



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BACK TO THE BASICS

When the game was there on the line, Oakland reverted to meat-and-potatoes, grind-it-out football and killed the clock and San Diego **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



Time retreated in San Diego Stadium last Sunday. The Oakland Raiders tamed the Chargers' raging beast of an offense, the wildest and flashiest of the '80s, by outscoring it, not stopping it, and when the dust settled on Oakland's 34-27 triumph in the AFC championship game,

traditionalists smiled and nodded, because in a world swept by change the Raiders had shown there's still room for the old-fashioned values.

"You see," they said, "the Raiders did it the right way, the way that made America great—ball control, no

When they had to pass, the Raiders usually executed the big strike perfectly, such as this Jim Plunkett toss that Bob Grendler snared for a key 18-yard gain.





Kenny King, searching for another hole, was a mainstay in the Oakland ground attack that pounded San Diego in three (two-consuming second-half) drives.

turnovers, getting it out in the trenches. Light my cigar and hand me my Farmer's Almanac, Martha."

When historians examine this game, which propelled Oakland, a team picked to finish last in its division, into Super Bowl XV against Philadelphia, they won't see the verve and dash of a San Diego offense that put the ball in the air 46 times and picked up 351 yards passing, or the wild plays, the freakies—the Raiders' 79-yard touchdown on a deflection, the Chargers' tight-end option pass. They will see three long Oakland drives at the end, three excruciating drives that produced only six points but took more than 16 minutes off the clock. In that span we saw the character of the Raiders.

Oakland was very close to perfect during those 16 minutes. San Diego had already had its perfect game, against Pittsburgh in the regular-season finale—a game you frame and hang on the wall. This was one for the Raiders.

The clock showed 6:04 left in the third quarter, and Oakland had a 28-24 lead, but things looked very bad for the Raiders when they took over on their own 23. Their defense had been on the field too long. The Chargers, after some miscues and false starts, finally had gotten their offense together, and when the San Diego offense is working right, it's a scary thing. "Not scary, terrifying is a better word," said Oakland Linebacker Ted Hendricks. "I must admit there was some terror in my heart at that point. Just before our offense went on the field, I grabbed Gene Upshaw and said, 'Hey, make some first downs, will you? Give us some rest.'"

The previous 15 minutes had produced 35 plays for San Diego, six for Oakland—two series of three and out. The Chargers had outscored the Raiders 17-0 in that stretch. On the bench the Oakland defensive people were gulping air and trying to get a grip on things. The fans were screaming, and the P.A. was turned up

full blast to the disco tune, *San Diego Super Chargers*, that had been bombarding the airwaves for the better part of the week. A very dark moment for Oakland.

"Actually, the music wasn't so bad," said Raider Wide Receiver Bobby Chandler. "A lot of our guys liked it. I kept tapping my feet to it. And I felt confident when I stepped into that huddle. I looked around at those faces and there were so many veterans, so many guys who had been through it before—Upshaw and Art Shell and Cliff Branch and Ray Chester and Dave Dalby."

The first play was a dive by Mark van Eeghen over left tackle. It picked up three yards. The fans howled. On the sideline San Diego's J.J. Jefferson was shaking his fist and yelling to the defense. Three and out, gang. Get us the ball again. We're ready. Van Eeghen for three—hey, this is 1981, you don't go to the Super Bowl on three-yard off-tackle plays. Van Eeghen, seven seasons a Raider, more

carries and more yards than any Oakland player in history, but in all those carries, almost 1,500 of them in regular-season games, he'd never broken a run longer than 34 yards.

"Yeah, but I don't fumble, either," van Eeghen said afterward, his arms and neck caked with mud, a bit of stadium turf still sticking to his cheek. "I can count the fumbles on the fingers of two hands and the fumbles I lost on one hand."

Next play, Kenny King on a trap for eight. Then a safe pass, then another, then back to the ground. King for eight. Van Eeghen for three. Van Eeghen for three more. On and on. Field goal: 31-24 Oakland. San Diego: three plays and out; Oakland—a long drive, 10 plays in 5:14, for another field goal and a 34-24

lead. San Diego field goal: 34-27. And now it's the Raiders' ball on their 25 with 6:43 to go.

"I kept thinking, 'God, you owe us one,'" said Charger Tight End Kellen Winslow. "They hadn't laid the ball on the ground for us in a long, long time. I was looking for something, anything—an interception, a fumble, a penalty, maybe Jim Plunkett reaching up to call time out while the ball was being snapped—anything to get us the ball. But it never happened. They were perfect."

The Raiders held the ball for the entire 6:43. When one examines those three crucial drives, one sees a proud offensive football team at its best. Oakland ran 33 plays; there were no offensive penalties, no offsides, no missed snap counts.

There were six completed passes, one incompletion, one sack. Twenty-five running plays picked up 95 yards, 62 by the dependable van Eeghen.

San Diego's last hope came when it called time out with the Raiders third and four on the Charger 29 and 1:52 left. On the next play Plunkett, who occasionally has been cited for indecision when he drops back to pass, took a shallow drop, scanned the field for a fraction of a second, then tucked the ball away and galloped for five yards. In that one instant the years seemed to melt away and Plunkett was a big back lowering the boom, he was again the golden boy from Stanford putting it to Woody Hayes' Backeyes in the Rose Bowl.

"During the time-out I continued



Merk van Eeghen (30), the cleaner's delight, hopped to when it was necessary and gained better than four yards and a clod of mud on each carry.



Plunkett played tirelessly, completing 14 of 18 passes for 261 yards and running for one TD.

APC CHAMPIONSHIP *continued*

went over to Tom Flores and said, 'Quarterback draw,' and he said no," Plunkett said. "He gave me the route, but when I dropped back I saw the linebackers had fallen back in man coverage underneath and I saw the alley and I took off."

It was 40 minutes after the game, and Plunkett was in a room off the visitors' locker area. He wore a flowered shirt and light socks, he seemed shy, as usual, as he answered the same questions, resurrecting the dark days: the way he left New England, a physical wreck, the way he was cut by the 49ers. The image of Plunkett this year is of a quarterback who's berk-y-jerk-y for much of the game but suddenly catches fire toward the end, throwing a bomb or two, pulling it out, convincing you that sooner or later he'll run out of miracles.

"But he's always operating with great courage," Flores, the Oakland coach, said. "That's the key to Jim. He's as courageous a quarterback as I've ever seen. He always comes back."

On Sunday Plunkett enjoyed a remarkably high-percentage game, com-

pleting 14 of 18 passes for 261 yards with no interceptions. He kept the San Diego defense off-balance with just enough first-down passes (11), backing off and handing the ball to his backs (42 rushing plays) when the tempo seemed to dictate it.

"Believe it or not, I felt pretty confident at the end, on those three drives," Plunkett said. "It was a very professional type of huddle, very calm. Guys were just thinking about which holes to hit, no off-sides, no holding, know the snap count, that type of thing."

"At one point, when we got close to the goal line, a few guys in the huddle said, 'Let's run it in, let's run it in,'" said Upshaw, the 14-year left guard. "I said, 'Back off, let Jim call his game. He's the man who brought us here.' It was quiet after that."

It was Upshaw who made the speech when the game ball was presented to Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner, who will be in court two weeks after the Super Bowl when the Raiders' proposed move to Los Angeles will be

the real subject of the L.A. Coliseum's suit against the NFL. "What I said was, 'The game ball goes to the one man in this organization who has taken more from the fans, the media and the league than anyone in sports,'" Upshaw said. "If anyone deserves a game ball, Al Davis does."

The game was heavy with political undertone. The Chargers' Gene Klein is perhaps Davis' most bitter enemy among NFL owners. During the week Klein leveled a blast at L.A. *Herald-Examiner* columnist Mel Durslag, who suggested that the Raiders might have trouble getting a fair shake from the officials, that perhaps the NFL should import a crew from Canada. It was tongue-in-cheek, but Klein took it as a Davis plant job. The Big Lie was mentioned, Hitler, Goebbels, the usual cast.

"One thing that gave me great pleasure was coming down here and sticking it to Gene Klein," Upshaw said. "The only thing that's left is to win the Super Bowl, to stick it to our commissioner."



Charlie Jones' frenzied TD grab off his helmet gave

I'm waiting for him to come into our locker room to present the trophy to us and find out what it's like to be booted."

As expected, the Chargers, fighting back from a 21-7 hole that Oakland dug for them in the first quarter, treated the Raiders to the full repertoire of their passing attack—slots, motion, picks, slants. The brilliant Jefferson, whose personal war with the Raiders' All-Pro cornerback, Lester Hayes, was supposed to be one of the high notes of this game, was the target for 19 passes. He caught only four for 71 yards and picked up another 19 yards on an interference penalty. He dropped two.

"A very, very bad day for me," Jefferson said later. "But what are you going to do? You have days like that." Oddly enough, most of the passes thrown to him were away from Hayes—usually when Jefferson worked from a slot position on the other side. Hayes and Jefferson went head to head only five times; one pass was completed for 17 yards, one was intercepted by Hayes, who returned it 16



The Raiders held J.J. Jefferson to just four receptions, with Dwaine O'Steen playing spoiler here



The Chargers are 7-7 tie, but they never got the lead

yards. Net gain, Fouts-to-Jefferson vs. Hayes: one yard.

In the end the gut stuff won it for Oakland, the long crunch at the end. "When we were in our huddle I'd look over and see how the Chargers' defensive linemen were taking it," said Right Tackle Henry Lawrence. "One time I saw Louie Kelcher leaning over with his hands on his knees. They had to get Gary Johnson out of there. He was in pain—stomach cramps. I think I could see their shirts heaving up and down, they were breathing so hard. They got frustrated. I heard Safetyman Mike Fuller, yelling, 'C'mon we gotta stop 'em!' and then they started getting disgruntled and griping at each other. I'll tell you, I loved it."

In a small passageway next to the Chargers' locker room, San Diego Coach Don Coryell leaned his head against a bottle rack containing hundreds of empties, gripped his temples and tried to blot out what had been a nightmarish afternoon. "I kept thinking, 'If only we can get the ball back, just one more shot,'" he said, his voice sounding very small and far away. They never did.

The upset was that Gene Upshaw had a ball



CONTINUED

NFC CHAMPIONSHIP



EAGLES THAT DIDN'T NEED WINGS

When they'd finished their pre-game psych job and it came time to put up or shut up, the Philadelphia Eagles took to the ground and ran the Cowboys back to Dallas

by **STEVE WULF**



No Cowboy laid so much as a hand on Wilbert Montgomery on this 42-yard touchdown romp.

The Mid-Atlantic States' Team won not because it made the Cowboys wear blue shirts, or because Coach Dick Vermeil hasn't been to sleep in five months, or even because of barefoot passer Tony Franklin. The Eagles won because they reintroduced to football what nostalgia freaks may remember as "the ground game"—the same type of offense that the Oakland Raiders would use to down San Diego's Chargers later in the day—and then put a defense on the field that Dallas Quarterback Danny White called "a brick wall."

They won because Wilbert Montgomery, who was supposed to play this game in a wheelchair, ran for 194 yards, only two short of the NFL playoff record set in 1949 by the Eagles' own Steve Van Buren, who dropped by the locker room to congratulate Montgomery on his effort. On the Eagles' second play from scrimmage, Montgomery cut back off right tackle and went 42 yards untouched for a touchdown. He broke another one for 55 yards in the fourth quarter; he could have gone farther but had to pull up because he had a sore knee. All week long Montgomery was hardly able to work out with his teammates because of a bruised left leg, and without him the Eagles are, well, no yards and no cloud of dust. Without Montgomery, Philly would be on vacation right now, not packing for New Orleans.

Reports from the Eagles' warm-weather practice site in Tampa portrayed the players as nervous, uptight and wounded. On Wednesday, Quarterback Ron Jaworski supposedly got so frustrated working against the Dallas Flex defense that he completed a 40-yard pass to a blocking sled. As a further sign of desperation, Philadelphia chose to wear white jerseys at home so that Dallas would have to wear blue, the Cowboys had been only 10-10 in blue over the years, and three of their four losses this year had come in that color. Vermeil, who would be match-

continued

With one minute to go in the game, at the time when he's usually making another improbable catch to pull out yet another miracle victory for Dallas, Drew Pearson was delivering a right cross to the side of Philadelphia Cornerback Roynell Young's head. That one punch of frustration said as much about the NFC championship game as did the roar of the 70,696 fans in Veterans Stadium when time finally ran out. The Ea-

gles, whose last conference (and NFL) title came in 1960, beat the Cowboys, who were born that same year and soon thereafter were playing in title games almost every year, by a score of 20-7. And the score was much closer than the game.

"The mighty Cowboys just couldn't accept the fact that the Eagles were beating America's Team," said Young, the rookie from Alcorn State who was the Eagles' No. 1 draft choice last spring

ing wits with the 12-years-older Tom Landry, even playing the role of the star-struck coach, saying one day, "I remember when I was a high school coach in California and Dallas was playing Green Bay in the championship game." Also, the Eagles were down to two wide receivers.

Small wonder the headline in Sunday's *Philadelphia Inquirer* read: BATTERED, EDGY EAGLES FACE COWBOYS.

Well, it was all a joke. "We used you guys," Jaworski told assembled newsmen after the game. "The coach gave us instructions on how to deal with the press. It was a perfect setup. We wanted to inflate the Cowboys' egos. In the meetings we knew we were going to win, but we acted worried. You notice I threw that pass to the sled with a lot of you guys standing around?"

"The Cowboys shouldn't have read the newspapers," said Eagle linebacker Jerry Robinson. "You could tell from the way they walked on the field, with their arms at their sides, that they had their bags already packed for New Orleans."

Drew Pearson said as much himself. "The blue jerseys didn't make a difference," he said. "The only color we were worried about was green—money green. We counted it too soon."

The Cowboys got Rude Awakening No. 1 on the first play from scrimmage when Tony Dorsett went wide right and gained zilch. The Eagle defense began celebrating right then. "I knew then this game would be different," said Dorsett. Only three weeks before, Dorsett had run for 74 yards as Dallas rolled to a 35-27 win over Philadelphia. But Dorsett was held to 41 yards Sunday, and the Cowboys had only 202 yards of total offense. Pearson was never much of a threat, catching just two balls for 15 yards, and White had only five more completions (12) than he had punts.

"We really didn't do anything different, just prepared more," said Eagle Defensive Coordinator Marion Campbell. "But I knew Wednesday after practice that we had 'em."

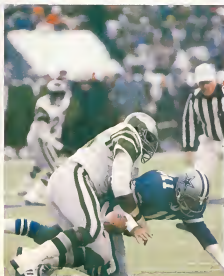
The Cowboys received Rude Awakening No. 2 on Montgomery's touchdown run. "I'm supposed to run to the left, behind Stan Walters," said Montgomery, "but I cut it back all the way to my right tackle." Montgomery's simple, last-second ad lib caught all the Cowboys pursuing to the left, and nobody was in the secondary to meet him. Just like that, 2:11 into the game, the Eagles were up 7-0, Tony Franklin having booted the conversion.

They could have made it 13-0 shortly thereafter had not two field-goal tries gone piff. The first, a Franklin attempt from 41 yards, was blocked by Aaron Mitchell. The second, from 39 yards, invoked the spirit of Gato Yepremian in Super Bowl VII. The bad snap went right through the hands of Jaworski, the holder, and Franklin picked it up. Showing none of the moves of Montgomery, Franklin teetered to the right, and as the Dallas defense closed in on his unshod right foot, he let fly a perfect pass in the direction of several Cowboys. The throw was academic, though, because only Jaworski could have advanced the fumble, but it was funny academic.

After that bit of comic relief, the Cowboy offense made what turned out to be its only appearance of the afternoon. With Dorsett and Robert Newhouse sharing the work, Dallas drove 68 yards in 10 plays, Dorsett scoring from three yards out to even the game at 7-7. The Eagles came right back and went 46 yards to the Dallas 25 where, on first and 10, Jaworski found Harold Carmichael, who's not hard to find, along the right side with an apparent touchdown pass. But there was a flag on the field because Right Guard Woody Peoples was caught putting his hands in Larry Cole's face. The

continued

For Dallas, the beginning of the end was this third-quarter play: Eagle End Carl Harrison asked Denny White at the Cowboys' 12 and forced a fumble.





While the Philly runners were bending the Dallas flex, the Eagle tacklers, as Tony Dorsett found out on this play, kept ganging up on the Cowboy runners

with Big Foot Herring (68) recovering, as he wasted the world to know, at the 11. Four plays later the Eagles kicked a field goal for a 10-7 lead





Philly's barefoot boy, placekicker Frankie, tried a daring new tactic when a snap went awry.



For Leroy Harris (20), it was donuts to dollars as he lowered the boom on the Cowboys for 60 yards.

15-yard penalty cost the Eagles 40 yards and a 14-7 lead at the half.

That was one of the few mistakes Philadelphia's offensive line made all day. For the record, it was Walters on Harvey Martin, Petey Perot on Randy White (they didn't get along very well), Jerry Sincere on Too Tall Jones and Peoples on Cole or John Dutton. The trip to New Orleans will be especially satisfying to Peoples, a 12-year veteran whom Vernel told not to bother to come to training camp last summer. Too old, you know. The 37-year-old Peoples bothered anyway, and now he's going to the Super Bowl.

"Those guys really did the job up front," Jaworski said. "They were the key. They blocked like hell. I really believe that's what won it."

The second half promised to be interesting because both Dallas and Philadelphia are second-half teams: the Eagles had come from behind in eight of their 13 victories this season, the Cowboys in seven of 14. The big question during the halftime came not from Vernel ("Tony, who were you passing to?") or Landry ("Tony, why aren't you running?"), but from CBS' Phyllis George Brown, who asked Alicia Landry, Tom's wife, if the Cowboys had ever played in a game as cold as this. It was cold, 17° with a wind-chill factor of -17°, but, Phyllis, that was tropical compared to the Green Bay-Dallas championship game in 1967.

The week before, against the Vikings, the Eagles had broken the game open in the third quarter when Minnesota's Eddie Payton fumbled a punt deep in his own end of the field. The same thing happened Sunday when Dallas' James Jones mishandled Max Runger's punt on the Cowboy 27, and Billy Campfield recovered for Philadelphia. This time the Eagles blew their chance when Jaworski threw an interception to Cowboy Linebacker Anthony Dickerson on the 19. But then the Cowboys give the ball right back: White was sacked by End Carl Hairston and fumbled, Dennis Harrison recovering on the Dallas 11. Still, the Eagles got only a 26-yard field goal and a 10-7 lead out of that opportunity.

Nothing was working for the Cowboys; at one point they even pulled some footnotes out of their playbook and had Drew Pearson throw an option pass off a reverse, but it was incomplete. There was a glimmer of hope when White hit Tight End Jay Saldi for 28 yards and a

continued



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first down at the Eagle 40, but on the next play Young stripped the ball from Dorsett, and Robinson picked up the fumble and returned it 22 yards to the Dallas 38. "That was the turning point of the game," said Dorsett, "and I hold myself responsible."

The Eagles took it right up the Cowboys' gut from there, and six plays later Fullback Leroy Harris scored from the nine, giving them a 17-7 lead. Harris was almost as unexpectedly brilliant against Dallas as Montgomery was, rushing for 60 yards on 10 carries. Harris had been acquired from Miami last season, but his penchant for donuts—he ate them by the dozens, before, during and after workouts—plain frosted Vermeil and kept the custard-filled Harris in the coach's doghouse. Now donuts are out, and Harris is out, too.

After Harris' touchdown, the Cowboys never got closer than the Eagles' 39, and as time wound down, Franklin kicked a 20-yard field goal for the 20-7 final score. The only suspense left in the game after that was whether Montgomery—the first runner to exceed 100 yards against Dallas in the Cowboys' 26 playoff games—would break Van Buren's record, but he never got the ball again.

And so, for the second time in less than three months the Philadelphia police broke out their horses and dogs to protect the field, but the nags were less successful in controlling the animals than they were for the World Series. This time thousands of fans ran wild on the Vet's AstroTurf. Now the big question is: How will the horses work indoors if the Flyers and the 76ers continue this championship kick Philadelphia teams are on?

"We're not America's team, we're the Pope's team," said Jaworski, who carries a special papal medal with him. The Eagles are also Vermeil's team, and when an assistant coach told Jaworski, "Practice tomorrow, full pads," Jaworski didn't know if the coach was kidding or not.

"We should have beaten them worse than we did," Vermeil said. "We felt they didn't have a lot of respect for us in this kind of a game. They felt maybe they were going to whip us because we're the Eagles and they're the Cowboys."

"The Cowboys like to think they are superhuman," said Eagle Linebacker John Bunting. "They mouthed off all year. Well, take a look at the stats today. Take a look at the scoreboard. Case closed."

END



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Coch Pete Gillen adds, "He's got a court presence, a kind of dignity, and most people either love him or hate him for it. In that way he's a great deal like the team he plays for."

The Marquette fans certainly didn't care for Tripucka, who led the Irish with 18 points, hooling him persistently. They did ease up near the end when Tripucka, suffering from stomach cramps, had to leave the game with 4:49 to play and the score tied at 50. He adjourned to the dressing room for four minutes, telling the referee, "No más, no más," or something like that, as he left. Tripucka was able to return for the final 37 seconds, just in time to witness Rivers' shot, which must have further unsettled his stomach.

Tripucka's emergency departure was all the more unfortunate because Phelps, for once, hadn't been using his revolving-door substitution policy. Forward Orlan-

recalls Tripucka. The meeting obviously didn't make a lasting impact on Phelps, who continues to overcoach, but it did reopen lines of communication that have helped the Irish this season. "Before the situation could ever get to that point this year," Tripucka says, "we'd have already taken care of it. That's one of the things that makes this team good."

A fine example of just how the 1980-81 Irish have been able to keep their differences ironed out occurred during halftime of their 67-61 upset of then-No. 2 Kentucky. With the score tied and Notre Dame running the clock down for the last shot of the first half, Tripucka suddenly bolted for the basket and threw up an off-balance prayer with 10 seconds remaining. Phelps wasn't pleased. Several court-side observers said later that they thought Tripucka had a new name, so often did Phelps repeat the words, "Jesus, Kelly!"

"Digger came running onto the court after me at halftime," says Tripucka, "and he kept saying, 'What are you doing?' I told him to forget about it, because I don't like to dwell on mistakes. But he got angry, and he harped on it again in the locker room." Tripucka, characteristically, didn't hack down. "Forget about it, will you?" he said again, his voice rising now. "We're going to win this game. I just want to play." Phelps had the good sense to let the subject drop, and Tripucka came out of the dressing room so steamed up he finished with a game-high 30 points. "It was a good thing," he says of the brief shouting match. "We were communicating, getting our thoughts across to each other."

If the Irish seem like many a large family—forever feuding, hawking each other out and then making up—well, they're just following Tripucka's example. The senior tri-captain who was Notre Dame's top scorer (19.7 points per game at the end of last week) and rebounder (5.6) as well as one of its leading free spirits, grew up in a family that was so demonstrative he didn't start talking in a normal tone of voice until he was in high school. "We weren't the Waltons and it wasn't all lovey-dovey," says Randy Tripucka, Kelly's mother. "There was a lot of hollering and shouting."

Kelly is the son of Frank Tripucka,

continued

Tripucka looks and often performs like a football player, but he possesses a delicate shooting touch

THE MASTER OF DISASTER

Kelly Tripucka grew up scuffling with his five brothers, and now Notre Dame's leading scorer is wreaking havoc among Irish opponents **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

In the talented chorus line that is college basketball's Top 20, Notre Dame isn't just another pretty face. The Fighting Irish are long on ability and short on cute. Right now Coach Digger Phelps wishes everybody would go away and forget about his unlovely team until he can make it beautiful.

For himself, he'd like to forget last Saturday, when Notre Dame took its No. 5 ranking and 8-1 record into the Milwaukee Arena and lost to Marquette 54-52 on a running, leaning desperation bank shot by Glenn (Doc) Rivers with one second to play.

For the five weeks before that Notre Dame had been thumping one and all, led by the master of disaster, 6' 6", 220-pound Kelly Tripucka. "He's like a full-back in football," says Phelps. "He goes out and gets you three yards and three yards and three yards, then all of a sudden he gets you seven yards." Assistant

do Woolridge and Guard John Paxson each played 39 minutes against the Warriors, Guard Tracy Jackson went 33 minutes, and Tripucka probably would have gone the full 40 had he not developed cramps.

Phelps' shuttle system has never been popular with Notre Dame's players, least of all Tripucka. He averaged only 27.8 minutes of floor time as a sophomore when he scored 14.3 points a game and made the U.S. Basketball Writers 10-man All-America team. He got 30 minutes a game as a junior (18 points and third-team UPI All-American) and was back down to 28.3 before the Marquette game. The starters became so disenchanted with what they see as Phelps' penchant for overcoaching that they called what turned out to be a raucous three-hour team meeting following a 63-55 loss to North Carolina State last season. "Everyone took off his coat and spoke his piece,"



who started at quarterback for Notre Dame in 1948 and then went on to play in both the NFL and the AFL. He and Randy grew up in Bloomfield, N.J., and went to high school there, and after they were married, they settled in Bloomfield to raise a family. First came the twins, Heather and Tracy (a boy), who were followed by five boys. "For someone who wanted all girls, it was great," says Randy, really meaning it. "We always had girls' names ready, though, and when the boys came we went ahead and used them anyway." Tracy, who is now an assistant basketball coach at the University of Utah, set scoring records at Lafayette. Mark ("He would've been Michelle") played quarterback at the University of Massachusetts; Michael Todd ("He was going to be Michelle, too") stands third on the Lafayette career scoring list; T.K., for Timothy Kimball ("He would've been Kimberly"), played hoops for Fordham and, at 6' 9", 240 pounds, is the biggest Tripucka. Kelly followed in his father's footsteps at Notre Dame; and Christopher ("That was going to be Christine"), who is 18 and a safety, flanker and place-

kicker for the West Essex (N.J.) High football team, recently kicked the decisive field goal in the state championship game in Giants Stadium. Heather, by the way, once scored 56 points in an intramural basketball game. She was born about five years too soon for girls' interscholastic competition.

Frank Tripucka put up a backboard in the yard and installed lights so play could continue until 11 p.m. most evenings. "My thing was, don't sit around the house doing nothing and end up getting yourself in trouble," Frank says. "I never pushed them, but I wanted them to get involved in something. Some fathers will teach their kids to bat a ball or to shoot baskets, but I never did that. I just gave them the equipment and let them play."

As the Tripucka boys got bigger, the games got rougher. Occasionally one of them would say to the other, "Excuse me, brother mine, but I discern you have quite by accident perpetrated a foul against my person." Or something like that. It was all quite lovely. "There wasn't a game that didn't end up in a fight," says Kelly. "My brother Mark would usually instigate the trouble because he was the smallest and the strongest. Mark sort of scared me. He'd beat us up and punch us like he hated us. When we'd start fighting, my father would come off the porch with a baseball bat or an iron rake, and while we were all trying to scatter, he would whack everybody."

"You couldn't reason with that many boys trying to kill each other," explains Randy. For a long time, Kelly was always the last one chosen for pickup games, and he and his brother T.K. looked out for each other. "Everybody always wanted to do better than the brother before him," says T.K., who is an insurance adjuster in New Jersey. "But around our brothers, Kelly and I stuck together because we got beat up together."

Trying to be better than

his brothers was second nature to Kelly, but the possibility that he might fail to measure up to them never weighed on him. "I never really thought of pressure," he says. "I don't know why, I should have. When my brothers were already successful and I was in high school, people would look at me and say, 'Is he going to be another Tripucka?'" Kelly went to the semifinals of the national Putt, Puss and Kick competition twice but never had much interest in pursuing football. He was an all-state soccer player and turned down several college scholarship offers in that sport. He set Bloomfield High records in the javelin, high jump and shot. In the final game of his high school basketball career, he scored 52 points in the state semifinals. He was a Tripucka, sure enough.

Kelly wound up at Notre Dame after the usual intense and bizarre recruiting campaigns, including one visit from Bobby Knight in which the Indiana coach forgot himself and poked out on chocolate-covered ice-cream bars, eating almost an entire box of them in a single sitting. Phelps got Tripucka by appealing to his sense of tradition, but Digger couldn't win the boy's mother. Randy never really liked Notre Dame, and she dislikes Phelps for the way he handles her son.

Tripucka was just one of Phelps' outstanding crop of recruits in 1977. Jackson came through the Notre Dame pipeline from the Washington, D.C. area, and Woolridge was discovered on the edge of the bayous in Mansfield, La. Woolridge was averaging 13.8 points a game on 64.3% shooting at the end of last week, which isn't bad for a guy who was only being recruited by a few Southern schools until his cousin, Willis Reed, mentioned him to Phelps. The 6' 9" Woolridge admits his name is a mouthful, but says his old nickname is inoperative. "In Louisiana they used to call me Tree," he says, "but once I got up to Notre Dame I found out I was just a shrub."

Jackson, who is 6' 6", was Notre Dame's supesub as a sophomore and started at forward as a junior. This season Phelps shifted Woolridge from center to forward, where he's a proficient enough shooter from outside and extremely explosive when he gets near the basket, and moved Jackson from forward to shooting guard. Jackson struggled in the Irish opener at UCLA, a 94-81 loss, but was 6 for 6 against Kentucky and 9



Tripucka starts the kind of break that a not for the gliding Irish

for 11 in Notre Dame's 94-65 romp at Villanova early last week.

The Irish rebounded from their setback at UCLA to win eight straight games, including important victories over Indiana and Kentucky. "People forgot about us after UCLA," says Phelps, "and that was good. The three seniors have put a lot of things together since then. They dictate the mental state of this team. For us to be good, two of those three have to play well."

Notre Dame is a methodical, almost plodding team at times, but when it can control the tempo of a game, it's among the best in the country. Against UCLA and again at Marquette last week, the Irish were clearly out of their normal rhythm and paid for it. "When we just take our time and execute, we're awesome," says Woolridge. "But we aren't quick enough to run with teams like DePaul and UCLA." One position at which the Irish are particularly vulnerable to an opponent who can move around a bit is in the pivot, where 6' 11", 240-pound freshman Joe Kleine and 6' 10" sophomore Tim Andree split time. Last Saturday, Marquette's Dean Marquardt, who was averaging 2.2 points a game on 37.0% shooting, hit all six of his attempts from the field to lead the Warriors in scoring with 15 points.

What makes Notre Dame's lack of a consistent running game seem peculiar—and at times frustrating to watch—



The Tripucka tribe in 1961. Kelly, T.K., Randy, Todd, Mark, Tracy, Heather, Zeke the dog and Frank.

is Woolridge's obvious ability to get out and run a fast break like a guard and the presence of the gifted Paxson in the backcourt. Nobody talks about Paxson much, probably because he doesn't score in double figures yet, but there isn't a more able penetrating guard around. "If Issah Thomas [of Indiana] is considered the best guard in the country," says Marquette Assistant Coach Rick Majerus, "then Paxson should be second." He may, in time, be-

come the best player the Irish have.

For the moment, that role belongs to Tripucka, and it would be unlike him to give it up without a fight. He reduced his weight from about 235 by giving up beer for two months this fall. "I was a moose, a linebacker," he says. "I thought if I lost the weight it would help me handle the ball better, but I can handle being heavier if I have to. The way I play, bulk really helps." But it obscures an interesting aspect of his game. For all his brutish strength, he's shooting a deft 54.7% from the field and 79.6% from the line for his college career.

Tripucka has spent the past three summers playing with his brothers in the Jersey City Colonnade League and going to the beach for a few weeks in Southern California just to hang out and look at girls. Last summer he entered two bar contests for best-looking legs, finishing first in one and second to a woman in the other. He picked up \$75 in prize money overall for his gorgeous gams and impressed one of the women contestants so much that she asked nervously if he would be exhibiting his prodigious pins at a contest in Hollywood the following week. "I told her no, that I wasn't entering beauty contests for a living yet," Tripucka says.

Tripucka and the Irish have another beauty contest on their minds, one that will tell them whether they're just another pretty face or not. It's called the final four.



Captain Tripucka battles the Space Invaders while noncombateants Jackson and Woolridge look on.



Mike Bossy's lips say he's happy, his eyes say he's confused. His team, the New York Islanders, has just destroyed the Colorado Rockies 9-3, but Bossy—the NHL's incredible scoring machine—didn't contribute a single goal or even a single assist. Nothing. He hit the goalpost three times, missed the net by a fraction a couple of other times and was stopped several times in spectacular fashion by Colorado Goalies Hardy Astrom and Jari Kuorile. "I'm happy for the team even when things go bad for me," Bossy is saying. But his eyes have it: nine goals and none for me. How could this have happened?

An excellent question. Islander Goalender Glenn Resch says Bossy "scores goals as naturally as you and I wake up in the morning and brush our teeth." Indeed, in his 3½ seasons in the NHL, Bossy has scored like no other player in history. The 23-year-old right wing has gotten 214 goals in 272 games for a .787 scoring percentage since the Islanders made him their No. 1 pick—and the 15th overall—in the 1977 amateur draft. Guy Denny, who played for the Ottawa Senators and Boston Bruins from 1917 through 1929, is No. 2 behind Bossy in the record book; he scored 250 goals in 326 games, a .767 percentage. For you comparison shoppers, Guy Lafleur ranks fourth at .594, Bobby Hull fifth at .574, Phil Esposito, who retired last week after 17 NHL seasons, seventh at .560 and Maurice Richard ninth at .556. Recently fired Winnipeg Coach Tom McVie said that what he wanted for Christmas was "a Mike Bossy doll. Wind it up and he scores 60 goals."

Bossy has 41 goals in 45 games this season, and has trained his stick on the single-season record of 76 goals set by Esposito 10 years ago. (Los Angeles' Charlie Simmer, who's scored 42 goals in 43 games, may well beat Bossy to Esposito's record.) Esposito's record, says Bossy, an honest and forthright Quebecois, is—what else—"there to be bro-

THE PHANTOM OF THE RINKS

Now you see him, now you don't, but when New York Islander sniper Mike Bossy shoots the puck, better have the red light ready by LARRY BROOKS

ken." But he also says, "I haven't broken a record yet that will thrill me once I've retired from hockey. And I don't want to sound cocky, but scoring 50 goals is no big thrill." Not for Bossy, anyway.

He burst into the NHL in 1977-78 with 53 goals, still a rookie record, then had 69 in 1978-79 and 51 last season. "In terms of plain numbers, dropping from 69 goals to 51 means that 1979-80 was a bad season," he says. Maybe for Bossy, but don't tell that to Islander Coach Al Arbour. An NHL defenseman for 12 seasons, Arbour scored the grand total of 12 goals in 626 games.

Bossy is a sinewy man with an angular face and sunken eyes, and he is a no-frills trip on or off the ice. He scores economically, beating goaltenders with what seems to be almost casual disdain. He speaks softly, yet makes his points. He is one of the most outspoken opponents of violence in hockey and has publicly stated that he will never drop his gloves to fight. He's a devoted family man who has said he will retire at the age of 30 if he feels that hockey takes too much away from life with his wife, Lucie, and 16-month-old daughter, Josiane. And Bossy keeps a low profile away from the rink, avoiding crowds and publicity.

"He's really just a straight guy who's among the best who ever lived at what he does," says Resch.

Noble men would lie, cheat and plunder to gain the secret of Bossy's success, but he says there is no secret to his goal-scoring: his is an innate ability, one he neither dissects nor questions. "Scoring goals is just something I've always been

able to do," he says. "I've never tried to analyze what I do, why I might make a certain play, how I shoot the puck. I've never studied tapes of myself. The puck seems to go in easier for me than for other players, and I might be luckier scoring goals than other players, but I don't know why. People think it's amazing, but I've never thought of it that way."

It can't be documented, but it is said that Bossy once scored 100 goals in a pee-wee game when he was seven or eight years old. It is documented that he scored 368 goals during his four seasons with the Laval Nationals of the Quebec Junior Hockey League. Still, Bossy was overlooked in the draft by 12 teams before the Islanders selected him. "I don't think there's ever been a player with the outstanding statistics he had who wound up in such poor draft position," says Islander General Manager Bill Torrey. Laval, a Montreal suburb, had a poor team throughout Bossy's career, and Bossy did little but play Score-O. As such, he acquired a reputation as a lazy player who couldn't—or wouldn't—check, play defense or take a hit. Worse, he was a total pacifist on the ice. The NHL's Central Scouting bureau wrote Bossy off as not a first-round pick. The Montreal Canadiens did more than that. They wrote Bossy off forever.

"Don't tell me about Bossy," says Scotty Bowman, the Canadiens' coach during Bossy's junior career and now the Buffalo general manager. "The coaches rarely did any scouting in Montreal, but a friend of mine, Roger Bolduc, owned a piece of the Laval team and he kept call-

continued

Bossy assists after scoring a goal, the one thing he does better than any other player in NHL history.

ing me about this kid Bossy, telling me I had to come see him play. Well, one night I went out to see him and he scored five goals, back-checked, did everything. I went back and told our scouts. They told me that Bossy must have known someone who was there watching him.

"Then my assistant, Claude Ruel, went to see Bossy play, and that night Bossy got three or four goals and played great. Claude rarely called me at home, but he phoned me from the rink. 'I just saw the only player since Lafleur who made me stand up in my seat,' he told me. So we went back to the scouts, and one of them said, 'Go see him against Sherbrooke.' Sherbrooke was the most physical team in the league; the scout was saying that Bossy couldn't play against a tough team. Montreal never even considered drafting Bossy. The scouts must have thought a little bit of knowledge on our part was worse than none." The Canadiens had the 10th pick in the draft, but they ignored Bossy and selected another right wing, Mark Napier; he has scored 43 goals in 170 games for Montreal.

Two NHL teams, the Rangers and the Maple Leafs, passed twice on Bossy before the Islanders picked him, and the

Rangers even drafted two other right wings—Ron (Och-la-la) Dugay and Lucien DeBlois. In all, six right wings—Napier, Mike Crombeen, Dugay, DeBlois, John Anderson and Ric Seiling—were chosen ahead of Bossy.

Although the Islanders desperately needed a Bossy-style gunner, they almost lost Bossy to Quebec of the World Hockey Association. "I didn't think Bill Torrey was offering me enough, and he reminded me that I was the 15th player drafted, not the first," Bossy says. "But I told him I deserved more because I was going to score goals for him. Bill asked me how many. 'Fifty goals,' I told him."

Bossy stands 6'0" and weighs 185 pounds, and though he plays a finesse game, he also has the strength of a longshoreman. He's among the fastest skaters in the league and quite difficult to knock off his feet because his agility prevents an opponent from getting more than a glimpse of him head on; he skates at you in 45° angles. But Bossy's greatest physical asset is his hand speed. His wrist shot, off which he scores three quarters of his goals, is lethal, but it's neither the velocity of the shot nor its accuracy that makes it so troublesome for goaltenders.

"You can't set up for Bossy's shot because he gets it off before the puck is on his stick," says Ranger Goaltender John Davidson.

"Mike's got the fastest hands I've ever seen," says Arbour, once a teammate of Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull.

"I know the hardest thing for a goalie is to stop something he can't watch coming," Bossy says. "If you stop to set up with the puck on your stick, then the goalie has time to get set. But if you can get it away fast, the goalie doesn't have time to react."

Bossy might well be described as a sneak; now you see him, now you don't. He becomes visible when he scores a goal—not before, not after. One night this season he got four goals against Minnesota, and after the game North Stars Coach Glen Sonmor said, "You know, I thought our guys did a pretty good job checking Bossy. He only touched the puck about half a dozen times all night."

Most of the other great goal scorers have done their work in the open and with pizzazz. There was The Rocket, who would bull his way past two and three checkers, often carrying them along with him as he swept toward the net, eyes



Bossy's quick, slick moves to get into position in front of the net put goaltenders at his mercy. Chicago's Tony Esposito was the victim this time.

ablate. There was Hull, the Golden Jet, flying down the left wing, puck in tow, then winding up for one of his glamorous screaming slap shots. There was the young Esposito, who would stand anchored in the slot and take slashes, cross-checked and elbows before receiving the puck. And there still is the dashing Lafleur, who weaves magic from one end to the other, leaving defenders strewn all over the ice behind him.

Bossy can carry the puck, and he has scored dozens of goals that defy description in 100 words or less, but most of his work is done without the puck as he circles and rotates from one side of the net to the other, much in the manner of a controlled gyroscope, waiting for his linemates, Bryan Trottier and Clark Gillies, to get the puck to him.

"Technically, the greatest things about Mike are his anticipation and his ability to get into position to score," says Esposito. Or as Bowman says, "Bossy seems to disappear through the ice and come up through the pipes. He comes out of nowhere, like a phantom."

If Bossy has an innate ability to put the puck in the nets, his sense of direction is acquired. "In junior I pretty much carried the puck all the time except for one year when I played with a center named Jean Trottier," he says. "But when I came to the Islanders, Bryan had the puck most of the time, or Clarkie was digging for it in the corners, so I had to find a way to get into position to take a pass if I wanted it. If I stand in one place, the other team will hook, hold and clutch me, but by moving around the way I do, all they can do is whack at me, and that won't stop me. It's hard work, it's tiring and it's bruising, but I want to be in position where I can get the puck and shoot it."

And when he does, the red light goes on. "Mike may not even realize it," says Esposito, "but he's absolutely relentless in his pursuit of a goal." Sorry Phil, but Bossy does realize it. "Scoring goals is the thing I love most about hockey," he says. "When I score a goal, the feeling I get is something I'd wish on people." Bossy's psyche almost demands that he score. That's why his eyes can betray his lips on nights his team wins 9-3 but he comes up empty.

"People may think I'm not allowed to get angry in that kind of a situation, but that's a bunch of baloney," Bossy says. "When I don't score, it's almost never

the goalie who stops me. I stop myself. So why shouldn't I be mad? That has nothing to do with the team; it doesn't take away my feeling for a victory. But maybe one of the reasons I do score so much is because I put so much pressure on myself every game, and getting angry when I don't is just part of that."

At the same time, Bossy becomes snappish if he's overlooked, or criticized because he hasn't scored. "It's always been that if Mike Bossy didn't score, then he had a bad game," he says. "That's not right." Bossy wants to be recognized as an all-round player: for his excellent playmaking ability (last Tuesday night he failed to score a goal in the Islanders' 6-3 win over Toronto but nevertheless set a club record by assisting on all six goals) and his improved checking and defense as well as his goal-scoring. It bothers him that he has never been a first-team All-Star in the NHL, not even in 1978-79 when he had those 69 goals; Lafleur has been the All-Star right wing the last six seasons. Bossy believes he has the ability to dominate a game for shift after shift after shift, like Lafleur, but is convinced that the Islanders' defensive style restricts him. He also believes that too many people consider him to be just a lucky stiff, that anyone could score 50 or 60 goals playing alongside Trottier, with whom Arto Ohtonen could probably score 25. Esposito played with Bobby Orr for eight seasons and many of his goals came on passes from Orr or deflections of Orr shots, and he heard the same criticisms as Bossy. "People say Michael can only score goals, and that's not true," Esposito says. "But even if it were true, that's still what this game is about. If he gets three and they get two, who wins?"

Resch offers a different view. "So much of the criticism of Mike is only a reflection of human nature, of jealousy," he says. "Here's this kid who comes into the league and rips it up like it's peewees. How do you rationalize that? So you get back at him with criticism. But now, anyone who doesn't respect Mike has to have a chip on his shoulder."

The Islanders have always been a clanish team—too clanish, in fact—and they didn't hustle out the welcome wagon for Bossy in 1977. The rookie showed up with his big goal-scoring numbers and was both sensitive and outspoken; he was, in fact, the perfect target for a needle. And when Arbour immediately placed Bossy on the team's glamour line



Lucie and her favorite translator rest in a rink

with Trottier and Gillies, a number of Islanders—not including Billy Harris, the right wing Bossy replaced—couldn't mask their jealousy. Beyond that, Bossy made it clear that he preferred his own company to that of most of his teammates. "They were wary of me and I was wary of them," he says.

Mike is the sixth of Dorothy and Borden Bossy's 10 children, the fifth of six sons; his four older brothers are his senior by four to nine years. "With the age difference, my brothers were always big brothers, not playmates," Mike says. "Coming from a large family, I've never made a group scene away from home. I've always got along on my own."

But life as a solitary man on a sports team can become unbearable, and not even Bossy could be an island. He quickly found a kindred soul in Trottier, who, like Bossy, prefers hot fudge sundaes to beer and Maxwell Smart reruns to late hours in taverns in Edmonton. "I call them 'Bread and Butter,'" says Islander Wing Garry Howatt.

"If I didn't have Bryan as a friend, I don't think I would have been able to get through the last three years," Bossy says. "With Bryan, I was accepted as myself from the first day. I don't have to worry about what I say or how I act."

Trottier says, "Mike may be too thin-skinned or sensitive, but he's coming

continued

around. You can't needle him and get results as much anymore."

"I used to fly off the handle at everything," Bossy admits, "and I still will if there's something said about me that I feel is worth it. But now I differentiate much better between what's worth it and what isn't."

Still, Bossy and many of his Islanders teammates operate on different wave lengths. For instance, most people believe the Islanders depend far too much on the Trotter line; Bossy believes they don't rely enough on the line in important games. "It's that kind of ego that makes Mike the player he is," Torrey says. Also, until this season it always irked Bossy that he didn't receive more ice time from Arbour; in fact, his relationship with Arbour turned chilly the first time the coach removed him from a game for defensive reasons in his rookie season. Bossy has had more playing time this season, and he is even the Islanders' fifth penalty-killer; he scored the first shorthand goal of his career five weeks ago and says, "That's my biggest thrill this year."

Bossy remains sensitive to imagined slights, however. When he scored his 200th career goal against Colorado last month, only two Islanders stopped by his locker after the game to congratulate

him—and Bossy took it as an insult. And he says there have been team parties to which he hasn't been invited.

"I think Mike reads a lot into things that aren't there," says Resch. "The thing about Mike is that he wants an immediate and positive feedback from the team. O.K., but then he's got to work on his input."

Resch says that all the Islanders have "a genuinely affectionate feeling for Mike. The turning point was last year's playoffs. That's when acceptance turned into affection." Two years ago Bossy's 69 goals helped lead the Islanders to their first NHL regular-season championship, and his five goals in the playoff quarterfinals helped them sweep Chicago. But Bossy was held to one goal as the Islanders were upset by the Rangers in the semifinals, and he didn't handle his adversity very well around his teammates.

Bossy suffered a jammed right thumb in a preliminary playoff series last spring and missed the first three games of the Islanders-Bruin quarterfinals, three fight-filled games the Islanders won. "I know there were guys on the team who didn't think I was injured badly enough to be out of the lineup," Bossy says, "and there were even guys who thought the team was better off without me. When I came back, I wanted to prove I was still

a part of the team, a major part."

It's impossible to find an Islander who will substantiate Bossy's suspicions, but when he returned in the fourth Boston game, he scored twice. He was the second-leading scorer in the playoffs with 10 goals and 13 assists in 16 games (Trotter set a Stanley Cup record with 29 points, including 12 goals), and he scored four goals and seven assists in the six games the Islanders needed to beat Philadelphia in the finals and win the cup for the first time.

Despite his success, Bossy insists that hockey is strictly a job, not his life. His life is his home and his family. "Anything that separates me from my wife and my daughter makes me sad," he says. For the three Bossys, home is Montreal, not Long Island. When Mike was 14 he met Lucie Creamer, who was working at the snack bar of the arena in which he played midget hockey. They began dating two months later. "It will be 10 years this March 1," he says. They were married July 23, 1977, the day after Bossy signed his first contract with the Islanders. In the off-season the Bossys stick close to Montreal. None of his teammates spends less time on Long Island. Bossy is one of only two Islanders—second-year Center Steve Tambellini is the other—who do not own a piece of Long Island real estate; he has rented the same Northport duplex ever since he joined the team. "If I sign with the Islanders again," says Bossy, whose \$250,000-per-season contract expires in 1982, "then I'll buy a house here."

But what language will be spoken in the house? Wherever Bossy, who was raised English in Montreal, and Lucie, who was raised French, are together, *ils parlent français seulement*. "It's really weird," one Islander says. "Lucie will be having a perfectly fine conversation in English with one of the other wives after a game, but as soon as Mike comes out of the locker room and joins her, Lucie speaks French and Mike translates. And Lucie speaks English well."

Bossy professes to see nothing odd in the arrangement. "That's just the way we do it," he says. "At home, French, only; that's what we're teaching Josiane. When we're out, I translate." Finally, Bossy laughs, "I guess it does sound like a soap opera," he says.

For sure, as they say in Quebec.

For sure, too, is Mike Bossy with the puck.



Once the game is over, the sly Bossy prefers to keep a low profile and lose himself in the crowd.

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Last Friday night, in East Tennessee State's Minidome, Eamonn Coghlan, Steve Scott, Don Paige and Ray Flynn, all of whom would be competing in the mile in the Eastman Invitational track meet the next night, were on the infield with a TV crew playing an informal version of *To Tell the Truth*. "My name is Eamonn Coghlan," said Coghlan. "I'm the world indoor record holder in the mile." He passed the microphone to Scott. "I am Reilly O'Eamonn... I mean Eamonn O'Coghlan... I mean..." Paige took his turn, followed by the Irish Olympian Flynn. "I'm the real Eamonn Coghlan," said Flynn. "You can tell from my accent."

Roughly 24 hours later, Flynn was back in the Minidome, wishing he had the real Eamonn Coghlan's famed finishing kick instead of his brogue. It was the sixth and final lap of the mile, and Scott was at his heels. Coghlan and Paige were 10 and 15 yards back, respectively—not far enough.

The race had turned into one of history's least likely world-record challenges, one that, because of technicalities, couldn't possibly produce a world record. The East Tennessee State track, it turns out, is both too large and too small to be legit. At one-sixth of a mile, the flat Tartan oval, while marvelously quick, is nearly 75 yards too long to qualify as a regulation-sized indoor track. And because the curb is inside the track's inner lane rather than on the lane's edge, the track comes up about four yards short over a mile.

Neither of the track's stigmas seemed to bother the milers, who had come to Johnson City seeking nothing more than a good speed workout and a chance to assay their early-season fitness. "This is kind of a fun meet," said Scott. "The people are real friendly, and there's less pressure. It's good to see a meet like this, in a smaller town. This hasn't been a very good year for indoor meets." What Scott was alluding to was the financial vortex that has pulled down a number of well-established events, including New York's Olympic Invitational, the Muhammad Ali Games and Maryland's CYO meet.



They're on their marks for the start of the mile: (from left) Paige, Flynn, Scott, Coghlan and Turpin

Just short of a great mile

The field at the Eastman Invitational at East Tennessee State was world-class caliber, but the long and short of it was that the track itself didn't measure up

With new sponsorship from the Tennessee Eastman Company, the four-year-old Eastman meet (formerly the East Tennessee Invitational) seems as financially stable as any of the survivors.

Ironically, the meet's primary lure is precisely what was precluding a record mile: the oversized-undersized track. "A college coach knows he can bring his kids here and they can get their qualifying times for the NCAA early in the year," said meet director and East Tennessee Coach Dave Walker. Last weekend more than 1,000 athletes showed up, though until NCAA qualifying standards are published, few of the college runners will know if the Minidome track was quite fast enough.

Although interminable heats—owing to the huge fields—prolonged the action,

there were several quality performances before the mile. Brenda Webb, the tiny schoolteacher from Knoxville, blew off everybody en route to a 9:53.20 victory in the women's two-mile run, and 19-year-old Leo Williams of Navy barely scraped the bar three times at 7' 6", after having clinched first place at 7' 4 1/4". Emmet King, a late entry, ran the 60 in 6.21 to beat Olympians Harvey Glance and Mel Lattany for his second win in two meets.

The feature event, however, was unquestionably the mile, though the mere suggestion that Coghlan's 3:52.6 record might be broken, even unofficially, so early in the season sounded preposterous. At the only major U.S. meet before the Eastman, the Runner's World Classic, which was run on a dreadfully slow track

continued

in San Francisco, Scott had barely broken four minutes and Flynn and Paige had failed to. Coghlan hadn't raced indoors at all and had been hampered in his outdoor work by terrible weather in Dublin, and none of the four milers had been doing interval work to build his speed. "I'm unsure exactly where I stand," said Coghlan, "and that's part of the reason I'm here. It's about time to find out and start sharpening up."

His rivals, too, spoke of their uncertainty and based their race strategies on it. Scott would start off slowly and then begin to move up on the second or third lap—if he felt strong. Paige, like Coghlan, would stick near the front as long as he could. Flynn planned to force the pace all the way, hopeful that his opponents might tire and lose their singing kicks.

Flynn, 23, from County Longford, was clearly the most intense about the race. One of a succession of Irish runners to attend East Tennessee State (1974 Boston Marathon champion Neil Cussack was one of the others), Flynn is a hero in Johnson City, a quiet town on the eastern fringe of the Appalachians where the climate and topography aren't drastically different from that of Flynn's home coun-

ty. "I've come to love this area and its people, and I want the meet to come off well for them," he said, without sounding as smugly as the words seem. His friends Coghlan and Scott had shown up principally as a favor to him, and as late as Friday evening Flynn was in his tuxedo, helping out as a meet official while all those heats were being run off.

The Eastman mole was also a chance for Flynn to finally nail, on his home turf, the runners who had consistently beaten him over the years. Despite personal bests of 3:56.5 indoors and 3:55.3 outdoors, he'd never escaped from Coghlan's shadow in Ireland or established the world-class credentials of the U.S.'s Scott and Paige. In the Moscow Olympics he'd missed an opportunity for recognition by finishing sixth in his 1,500 heat after cutting down too much on his training mileage in the previous weeks. For much of the time since then, he'd been pointing to this meet.

So when the gun sent off the milers Saturday night, Flynn and East Tennessee State junior Ben Turpin, the race's rabbit, moved immediately to the front. Turpin's task was to carry the pack through the quarter in about 58 seconds

and the half in 1:57. If he could somehow maintain that pace for three quarters, all the better.

Coghlan stayed within a stride of the two leaders, who hit the quarter in 58.5. Peter Lemushon of Texas-El Paso was fourth, with Paige a close fifth and Scott a few steps farther back. As they completed the second of the six laps, Scott was straining. "They announced, 'Four laps to go,' and I couldn't believe it," he said later. "I felt like we had already finished that many."

But Scott bulled forward, catching Paige and Lemushon before the next lap was completed. He hit the half-mile mark in 1:58.1, a full second behind pacesetter Turpin but only .3 in back of Coghlan. Turpin was now spent, he pulled off the track and left the lead to Flynn.

At three quarters, it was still Flynn, running the race of his life in 2:57.6. Coghlan was only a few yards behind and Scott was close, but Paige had faded 15 yards off the pace.

With the final lap, the crowd of 9,000 was on its feet, the roars for Flynn resounding in the vast arena. Scott had slipped past Coghlan into second and was running down the leader. With a spurt he was past Flynn on the backstretch. "I've lost so often to Scott in the past," Flynn said afterward, "that I figured it was over. But then I realized that Steve wasn't going anywhere. People were screaming, 'You've got him!'"

Flynn came wide off the last turn and drew closer, but not close enough. At the tape the gap was still two yards.

Scott finished in 3:54.50, a time that would equal seventh on the alltime indoor performance list had it not been for the paradoxical track. Flynn finished in 3:54.73. Paige was 3:57.52, and Coghlan, who had turned to clay over the final 200 yards, did a 3:59.10.

"Well, now I know exactly where I stand," said Coghlan, who previously had lost to Scott only twice indoors. "I found out on the last lap." Paige, at least, had one prospect to console him: his soon-to-be-announced ranking as the world's top 800-meter runner of 1980, ahead of Sebastian Coe and Steve Overt.

"After I went by Ray I died," Scott said. "If he'd made a slightly stronger move, he'd have caught me." The crowd was thinning as Scott had the last word. "Maybe these marks won't count because the track's so long, but..." He paused. "It was kind of fun."

END



Scott, edging Flynn, was some two seconds—and four yards—off the record but proved he's ready.



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It was the morning of Jan. 15, 1978. The sportswriter was in ed. He wore sunglasses to cover a pair of eyes that resembled twin road maps. A band continued to play in his head. He could hear Al Hirt's trumpet, Pete Fountain's clarinet. There was no doubt about the song. The saints were still marching in.

He had eaten at Arnaud's, Antoine's, Galatin's, Breakfast at Brennan's. He had stood in the middle of Bourbon Street and tried something called a "po' boy." There had been nights when he

drank something tall, red and rum-tasting called a hurricane. There had been other nights when he drank beer that had been dyed orange, in honor of the Denver Broncos. He had done a lot of walking, but more talking. There had been nights that did not end for him until the morning sunshine.

He sat now at the rim of the Superdome and someone handed him a box lunch provided for the press by Ogden's and housed in a special Superdome souvenir carrying case. He opened the cover.

He found, Pear with prosciutto. Stuffed oysters. Radish flower. Junco black olives. Sliced pineapple. Shredded coconut. Candied crabapple. Chicken-breast fingers Hawaiian. Smoked Louisiana sausage on a stick (two). Mulleltettas and po' boy sandwiches. Genoa salami with provolone cheese and olive salad, rare roast beef with Thousand Island dressing, ham and cheddar cheese with mustard dressing, and Canadian bacon and Swiss Emmenthal cheese. One apple. One miniature pecan pie. One package of pralines.



Douglas Kirkland/Contrast



Leo Babine

Variety of charm is what endears New Orleans to 500,000 visitors annually who generate \$1.2 billion worth of business. Above, Al Hirt and his trumpet delight jazz fans nightly at his club on Bourbon St. A lacy gate (left) in the French Quarter beckons guests to the courtyard garden within, while at far left diners sample regional delicacies in chandeliered luxury.



The sportswriter sighed. What the heck. This was, after all, a New Orleans Super Bowl.

He began to call.

Q. Is there anything different about a New Orleans Super Bowl?
A. Your body will explain it all.

There are no locks on many of the nightclub doors. That will be one of the first bits of information any good cab driver will tell visitors to this year's

Super Bowl XV as they travel from New Orleans International Airport's Moisant Field into the city.

"We're open 24 hours per day, 365 days per year," the cab driver will say into his rearview mirror. "Oh, maybe it gets a little slow now and then and maybe some of the places will close on Christmas Day, but otherwise . . ."

No locks. No stopping.

The Super Bowl has been played now in four different cities in six different

stadiums, a movable American football feast, a tent show supreme. Each location has supplied its own particular flavor, its own backdrop of language and climate, its own pace, approach, taste and feel. The New Orleans Super Bowl always has been the most hectic.

The Miami Super Bowls—there have been five—have been resort shows, entertainment at the end of a week on the beach, the Orange Bowl filled with strangers who have spent their time at their own hotels, wondering where everyone else was. The four Los Angeles



Eddie Adams



Greater New Orleans T & O

Famous Door (right) discharges a happy patron despite the showers awaiting him. The *Natchez* (top), an old sternwheeler filled with sightseers, gently burns the sunlit river as hands point out important landmarks. Above, amid oaks covered by Spanish moss, is an antebellum plantation, one of several open to the public and serviced by hoopskirted guides.



Eddie Adams



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Super Bowls, two at the L.A. Coliseum and two at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, have been one-day roadside attractions, hard on the freeway tourist trail from Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and Knott's Berry Farm, additions to the California sprawl. The one Houston Super Bowl was mostly a civic meditation, a boast of growth and progress, a modern square dance to illustrate the old and the new West.

The four New Orleans Super Bowls have been grand football parties. "What we have that the other sites don't

have is a togetherness," says Edward J. McNeill, executive vice president of the Greater New Orleans Tourist and Convention Commission. "Everybody knows where to go. Everybody just comes downtown and stays here."

The New Orleans Super Bowl is a gathering, a crowd scene. The varied paying customers, from the expense-account grandees to the tavern regulars on an annual junket, are thrown together as they would not be in any other Super Bowl city. All activity is focused on the French Quarter. The es-

timated 70,000 visitors to the game all eat, sleep and scream late into the night in the same three-mile area.

The result is almost a collegiate atmosphere, pro football's equivalent of a Friday night in Columbus, Ohio when the freshmen from Michigan have arrived. Only this Friday night lasts a week. There is an opportunity to wear a funny hat, wave a funny flag and make unending Bourbon Street conversation about the merits of 3-4 defenses or 4-3 receivers. There is an opportunity to order oysters Rockefeller in *Guste Me-*



Fishman/Courtesy



Greater New Orleans T & CC

A street jazz group gathers between wrought-iron-galleried houses to help the saints continue marching in. At left, in subtropical serenity, is Jackson Square, overlooked by the Cathedral of St. Louis. Built in 1720 by French settlers, later burned while under Spanish rule, it was restored in 1794. Horse-drawn carriages tour the old sections of the city.



about four-star grandeur and at the same time wear a button with Terry Bradshaw's picture.

The game dominates the New Orleans landscape and the New Orleans mind for this one week. It is a presence, as fat and imposing as the Superdome, which sits on Poydras Street, 27-stories tall, a football spaceship ready for the impending flight. The game is everywhere. The game is the thing.

"If you go to the Super Bowl in Miami, you'll sit in a restaurant and the conversation at the next table will be

about condominium development," one veteran Super Bowl traveler notes. "If you go to Los Angeles, some guy will be talking about residuals or the price of a Mercedes. When you go to New Orleans, you're going to hear football. That's why everyone is there. For football."

The game fits New Orleans like an EEE-width foot slipped into an EEE-width slipper. New Orleans fits the game. No locks. No stopping. The celebrations and the discussions can continue on a 24-hour clock and there always seems to be something to cel-

brate or something to discuss. Or at least there always has been at a New Orleans Super Bowl.

NEW ORLEANS ONE SUPER BOWL IV JANUARY 11, 1970

He sat in the dumbfounded glee of the Kansas City Chiefs' dressing room, nipping the dirty tape from his hands. Offensive lineman Mo Moorman didn't really know how the rest of the underdog Chiefs had done it, but he knew how he had done it.



Greater New Orleans T & CC

The International Hotel's river view (above) and its proximity to Rivergate Center, site of the Frazier vs. Daniels bout, attracts fans. The Superdome (top right) gleams, undimmed by surrounding construction. The superb stadium seats over 70,000 fans. Before SB IV, K.C.'s Mo Moorman (right) grins. The able lineman planned to make it hot for the Vikings.





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"I drove a great big stationwagon.

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"And that stationwagon is just a rusted memory.

"You know what I did? I went out and bought myself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

"It's red and it's got a convertible top and sometimes when I pass those ladies in their huge stationwagons full of kids, and dogs, and groceries I wave—and say to myself, there but for the grace of my Alfa go I."

"When I was a young man I dreamed that one day I would own an Alfa Romeo.



Bill B.

"But then I got married and Jennifer arrived a year later; two years after that, Robert.

"My dream of owning an Alfa gave way to the reality of a mortgage, dentist's bills, and college tuition.

"But now Jennifer is married and has a Jennifer of her own, Robert Junior is through law school.

"And this 50 year old kid went out and bought himself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

"Do I love my Alfa as much as I thought I would? Well, it's a dream come true."



Ray R.

"I limped through college and graduate school with one crummy used car after another.

"But now that I've got a grown up job with grown up responsibility, I thought I'd treat myself to a brand new car.

"Well, at first, I thought the world had passed me by—all those cars were so boring!

"Then I discovered the Alfa Spider. First of all, it's a convertible! And most of all it's an Alfa Romeo.

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"I figured out the numbers while I was lying in bed last night," he explained. "I figured out exactly what I had to do."

He broke the game into parts. He divided the 60-minute game in half, because he would play only offense. He subtracted four or five more minutes for special teams. He estimated that the bulk of his time would be spent either standing in a huddle or picking himself off the ground. He broke down the

Super Bowl as far as he could, trying to see how much actual football he would play. His final figure was "six or seven minutes."

"From there, I just decided, hell, I could sit in a tub of fire for six or seven minutes to win a Super Bowl," McMoorman said in the winners' locker room. "And that's the way I played. . . ."

Q: Were the leagues ready to merge?

A: The American Football League seemed all right, but the National Football League was a little shaky.

The Super Bowl had matured by the time it was brought to New Orleans for the first time. It had become an anything-can-happen football game. The problem was few people believed that.

Joe Namath and the New York Jets of the AFL had stunned the Baltimore Colts, 16-7, a year earlier in the Super Bowl at Miami, but that upset had been treated like a fast card shuffle in front of tired eyes. The request was "show me again, if you can" as the Kansas City Chiefs of the AFL closed out the



The AFL would fade into history after SB IV. Minnesota was favored to return the title to the NFL, but K.C. QB Dawson (16, top and bottom left), finding the zone pass coverage easy, completed 12 of 17 passes. RB Garrett (21, left) scored a TD after the Vikings fumbled. WR Taylor (89, below) made a 46-yard run for a TD. Final score: 23-7.



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league's history by meeting the Minnesota Vikings of the NFL. The Chiefs were two-touchdown underdogs.

Wasn't this the same team that was embarrassed, 35-10, in the first Super Bowl of them all? Wasn't Len Dawson still the quarterback? Weren't most of the players the same? What was different?

"We're a 50% better team than when we played Green Bay," said giant Defensive End Buck Buchanan, but nobody listened.

"We're going to prove that we're not a Mickey Mouse outfit," said Cornerback Willie Mitchell, but nobody listened.

The star of most Bourbon Street discussion was Minnesota Viking Quarterback Joe Kapp. He was the leader from the North, the import from the Canadian Football League. He couldn't pass and he couldn't run, but he could win. The Vikings were born-again winning zealots, 40 men playing 60 minutes, 40 for 60.

"We have 40 guys who just love to play the game," Joe Kapp said. "I know it sounds goofy, but it's true. We love to play the game. Right now we have one more to play."

One more killer

A portent of what was to follow on the day of the game occurred in the pre-game festivities. Two hot-air balloons were supposed to be inflated in the middle of the field. One would carry a Viking—horns, sword and all—above the rim of Tulane Stadium and into the



The Viking balloon (above and below), complete with mascot, collapsed in a strong gale before it could get off the ground. Minnesota should have heeded that omen. Despite their vaunted reputation, the Vikings' game didn't take off either. K.C.'s defensive linemen put the whammy on Minnesota QB Joe Kapp (right), forcing him to hurry his passes.



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Louisiana countryside. The other would carry an Indian chief.

While the balloons were being inflated, however, a 40-mph wind took control. The Chiefs' balloon never was filled, but the Vikings' balloon, half-filled, suddenly was ripped from its moorings. It went in a crazy, slow, low course and, while spectators scattered, it crashed into the far end of the Tulane Stadium stands.

The Vikings soon followed.

They were behind by 3-0 at the end of the first quarter, 16-0 at the half, 23-7 at the end of the game. They never were able to move against the big Kansas City line and were intercepted three times and fumbled twice. Also, they never were able to understand Kansas City Coach Hank Stram's "Offense of the Seventies" with its moving pocket for Dawson. The Chiefs were not only winners, but convincing winners, giving the AFL a split in the four Super Bowls before the merger took effect.

"That defensive line of theirs seemed like a redwood forest," Joe Kapp said at the end. "I'd try to look up and those guys would block out the sun."

His words were delivered to press headquarters at the Fairmont Hotel in mimeograph form. The man himself had been delivered to a local hospital for X rays of a smashed shoulder that had forced him from the game in the fourth quarter. 40 for 60 had ended early.

In the first quarter, K.C. Cornerback Mitchell (right) harassed QB Kapp (11, below with Coach Grant). K.C.'s Stenerud (3, far right) booted a 32-yard field goal, bringing Hank Stram (below) to his feet and putting the Chiefs ahead 3-0. In the second quarter, RB Garrett (21, top right) ran for a TD, score 16-0.





NEW ORLEANS TWO SUPER BOWL VI JANUARY 16, 1972

The players stood nervously in the runway at Tulane Stadium, waiting to take the field. The Dallas Cowboys had more than the normal Super Bowl pressures.

How many consecutive post-season situations had they encountered before this? Five. How many times had they failed? Five. The phrase they heard was

"can't win the big ones." They heard it everywhere.

Somebody coughed.

"Hey, man, what's the matter?" asked Defensive Tackle Jethro Pugh. "You choking already?"

Everybody laughed. Then the Cowboys went out to play a football game.

*Q. Could the Cowboys win the big one?
A. Does a spider have enough legs to tap dance?*

The Miami Dolphins should have listened to Terry Daniels. That was their real mistake when they made their visit to New Orleans to play the Dallas Cowboys. They didn't listen, so they didn't know how bad it was going to be.

Terry Daniels was a Texas prizefighter who somehow wound up with a chance at the heavyweight boxing title on the eve of this Super Bowl. He was strictly a television production, an obscure workman pulled onto the scene to make his first professional fight his last.



Another attraction for SB VI fans was the Terry Daniels and Joe Frazier title fight (above). Daniels, a journeyman fighter, had a game plan. It went sour when Frazier had no trouble putting him away in the fourth round. Miami's game plan went the same way. At left, before the game, Dallas' Bob Hayes (22) and Mike Ditka (89) look the field over, anticipating the action.

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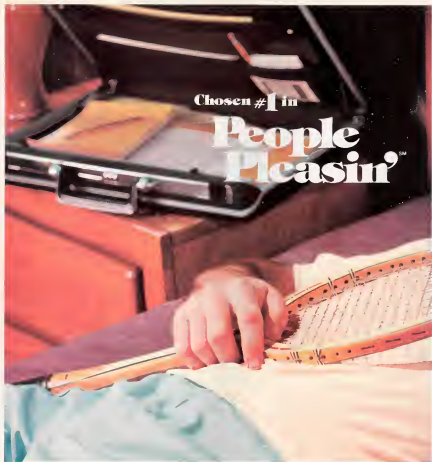
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raided in between commercials in a big sports weekend. He fought Joe Frazier at the New Orleans Rivergate Convention Center. He was knocked down four times before he was knocked down and out midway through the fourth round.

"I had a game plan," Terry Daniels lamented. "I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I just couldn't do it. Game plans are fine, but do you know how hard it is to follow a game plan when you're being punched in the face?"

The Dolphins found themselves

the same circumstances the next day. Their game plan didn't work, couldn't work. They kept getting hit in the face by those Cowboys. They never had a chance as they were routed, 24-3.

The Cowboys who played this game on this day probably could have handled a platoon of Joe Fraziers, not to mention a Muhammad Ali or two, if the occasion arose. They were that mean, that ready to play. This was their chance to end all the talk. They took it.

"This was the fastest game I've ever

played in," Miami Fullback Larry Csonka said. "I mean it was over before you knew what happened. You'd sit by the sidelines and sit by the sidelines and you couldn't do anything. Just sit and wait."

The feeling was not gained from watching an illusion. The Cowboys' offense controlled the ball for 49 of the game's 60 minutes. The Cowboy running game piled up 252 yards. Dallas Quarterback Roger Staubach completed 12 of 19 passes for 119 easy yards.

That's not easy, people, is it?



In the first quarter of VI, Dallas RB Duane Thomas (33, left) and RB Walt Garrison (32, right) ripped through holes opened by Cowboy linemen. The Dallas defense completely shut-out the Miami Dolphin running attack of RB Larry Csonka and company. The Dolphins couldn't swim upstream against Dallas' power plays.



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The final line on their successful day was spoken by Running Back Duane Thomas. He had been a dominant figure in the stories of this Super Bowl week simply because he had said nothing while everyone else talked. (Well, almost nothing. On Monday of that week Thomas did ask a reporter, "What time is it?" and made headlines across the country.) In the game he gained 95 yards and in the locker room he finally spoke.

"Are you happy now?" he was asked

after he broke his silence in a strange interview session with CBS/TV sportscaster Tom Brookshier.

"Am I happy?" Duane Thomas responded. "I never said I wasn't."

NEW ORLEANS THREE SUPER BOWL IX JANUARY 12, 1975

The old man knelt in prayer at Mass on the morning of the game and was tempted to be greedy. Art Rooney

wanted to win this game very much. He was 74 years old and had paid the bills for the Pittsburgh Steelers for 42 years. He never had paid the bill for a championship banquet. There never had been the need.

Shouldn't he be given this one game? Didn't he deserve it? Hadn't he waited quietly?

"I thought about saying a prayer for us to win," Art Rooney explained later. "I usually just pray that nobody gets hurt or anything, but this time I was





going to pray for the win. Then I thought, what the heck, The Man Upstairs is going to do the right thing anyway.

He swallowed his prayer, then went to the game.

Q How do you recognize a dynasty?

A Check to see if it's wearing black and gold. That's always a good start.

There was a moment in the second half that described the entire story of the third New Orleans Super Bowl

Minnesota Viking Quarterback Fran Tarkenton tried another pass. Steeler Defensive End L. G. Greenwood smothered another pass, sending it back to Tarkenton as surely as if it had been thrown into a schoolhouse wall. This was the third pass Greenwood had blocked this way.

"Damn it," Tarkenton shouted at the Steeler. "Will you stay down?"

"Next time, baby, I'm not going to block your pass," Greenwood replied. "Next time, I'm going to pick it off."

The Steelers had begun their run at the Super Bowl top. No contest. The final score was a deceptively close 16-6. Still, no contest.

"I don't remember having a pass blocked all year," Tarkenton complained afterward. "What'd I have today? Four? Five?"

Five. The Steelers did the same defensive work on this scrambling quarterback that the Chiefs had done on Kapp in New Orleans One. Five blocked passes. Three interceptions.



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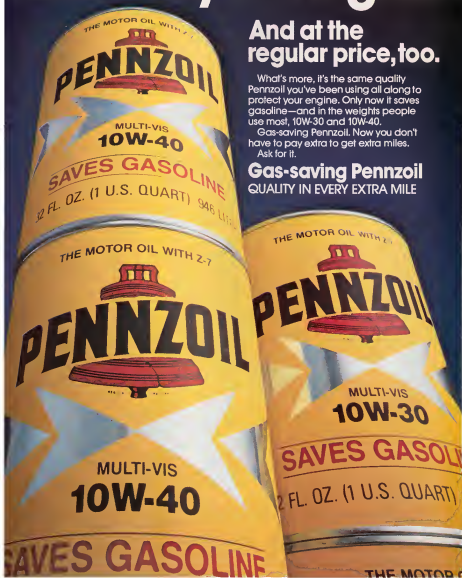
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No room to move. No help from a running game that was shut down with only 17 yards for the entire afternoon.

Each team watched the other warily, and the only score of the half resulted when the Steelers got two points after Tarkenton muffed a pitch-out in his own territory and had to fall on the ball in the end zone.

But that 2-0 halftime score did not last long. Pittsburgh Kicker Roy Gerela mistakenly squibbed the second-half kickoff and Minnesota Running Back Bill Brown mistakenly dropped it at his own 30-yard line. The score soon

jumped to 9-0 before the Vikes started the second half on offense. It could have been 100-0 for all the chance they had.

The Steelers controlled the ball with ease, running 73 plays to the Vikes' 46. Running Back Franco Harris gobbled up 158 yards on the ground by himself. Quarterback Terry Bradshaw ran the show nicely, ending a week-long debate that had concerned his IQ and his ability to win an important game.

"I just want to say that it doesn't take brains to win football games," Bradshaw said to close his cave. "But other than that, I don't want to discuss the subject. I'm sick of talking about it."

The happiest figure in the Steelers' locker room was Mr. Rooney, the owner. He had spent the week telling a succession of stories about the hard-scrabble, dirt-field days of the game. Stories mostly of failure. Now he stood in a corner and simply accepted congratulations.

"This is the greatest moment of my life," Rooney said, plain and simple.



The Pittsburgh defense (top) refused to let Minnesota near enough to attempt a field goal. Franco Harris (32, lower left) rushed a record 158 yards and QB Bradshaw (12, below) threw the 4-yard scoring pass to weld it for the Steelers 16-6, giving them their first pro title and making Art Rooney happy after 42 years.



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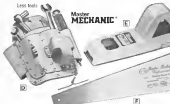
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NEW ORLEANS FOUR SUPER BOWL XII JANUARY 15, 1978

He concealed his discomfort like a gentleman. He had been the man of this New Orleans moment, but in the end it had exploded in the Denver Broncos quarterback's face like a novelty-store cigar. The "new" Craig Morton had to join the "old" Craig Morton. He was a loser again.

Yes, the Dallas Cowboys seemed to know everything he was going to do. Yes, the Denver offense couldn't do anything. Yes, he didn't want to come out of the game in the third period. But yes, he understood.

"I'm not a real good Super Bowl quarterback, you see," Craig Morton said. He meant the words as a joke, but his sad smile was not enough punctuation to complete the humor. Next question? He stood and waited, patient to the end.

Q. How good were the Cowboys that time?

A. Best team ever to win a Super Bowl indoors. No doubt about it.

The play showed why the Cowboys were the perfect team to win the first Super Bowl to be held in the New Orleans Superdome. The play was as extravagant and up-to-date as the newly opened \$163 million building.

The name was "Brown right. No p-



In SB XII, sad-faced Bronco QB Craig Morton (7, above) playing against his former teammates, didn't last the game. Nursing a sore hip, he was pressured by the Dallas Cowboys—spearheaded by LB Martin (79, top right)—who seemed to know just what he was going to do. LB Henderson (56, below) rushes Morton.



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**Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600
High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.**

STRESSTABS® 600 has a single purpose. By concentrating on the vitamins the body doesn't store, STRESSTABS® 600 can help you avoid a water-soluble vitamin deficiency. A single tablet provides 600 mg of vitamin C and a high potency supply of B-complex vitamins, plus vitamin E. STRESSTABS® 600 is also recommended when physical overwork, bad dieting, a serious infection or injury, increases your vitamin demand.

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posite shift, toss, 38, halfback lead, full-back pass to Y." The translation was a pass to Wide Receiver Golden Richards from Fullback Robert Newhouse.

"Oh, golly," Newhouse said in the Cowboy huddle, when he heard the news. Or maybe he said something a bit more on the earthy side. His hands were covered with stick-tum and he had to wipe them hurriedly on his pants. He never had completed a pro football pass. He only had attempted one.

He took the patch-out from Quarter-

back Roger Staubach. He swept left. He stopped. He threw.

The pass was perfect, 29 yards, generally judged the best pass of the indoor afternoon. Richards caught it in full stride and scored the fourth-period touchdown to make the final 27-10 score. Easy enough. Over and out.

The Cowboys rolled again.

Their defense this time was aimed at Morton, their former quarterback. He had been the leader, along with new

coach Red Miller, of the Broncos' seven-season-long revival. Broncomania and Orange-Crush and all that. The Cowboys wanted to put as much pressure as possible on Morton.

"Craig Morton won't be around by the end of the game," Cowboy Safety Cliff Harris promised.

"Do you really want to say that?" a radio interviewer asked.

"Sure," Harris replied. "Craig Morton won't be around by the end of the game."



Dallas' Roger Staubach (12, left), using a fatal ball-control attack, routed Denver's Orange Crush. He handed off to RB Robert Newhouse (44, above), who, performing exquisitely, stopped suddenly and hurled a deep pass to WR Golden Richards (83, right), who caught it over the shoulder and went with it all the way for the touchdown.





Morton was gone in the third period. The Cowboys' huge defensive line rushed him dizzy. He threw four interceptions to the Cowboys. He threw only four completions to the Broncos before being replaced by backup Norris Weese.

"The Dallas defensive line just controlled the game," Miller said. "I'm not knocking our offensive line, but we just couldn't keep those guys from Craig Morton."

"They always seemed to know just what I was doing," Morton said. "I'd come out of the huddle with a play and when I looked across the line, they'd be in the perfect defense for the play. Sometimes I'd change the play, but they'd change defenses right with me. They always seemed to be in the right place."

The formula was just impossible for Denver to overcome. The Cowboys had size and determination on defense. The Cowboys had speed and imagination on offense.

The Superdome worked, with its climate control, its cloudless and sunless sky, its artificial turf called March Grass, its 72,675 seats, its walls providing 9.7 acres of reverberating noise, its easy accessibility. The Cowboys worked just as well.

"They made us look bad," Red Miller said. "They were that good."

Veteran Tom Landry (top) blitzed new coach Red Miller (right) with the flex and specially computed plays. Morton was replaced by backup Norris Weese (14, below), who fumbled, causing Denver to cave in. RB Tony Dorsett (33, shown below making his touchdown) gained 66 yards in the first half before a knee injury took him out at the end of the third quarter.



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NEW ORLEANS FIVE SUPER BOWL XV JANUARY 25, 1981

It will be the morning of Jan. 25, 1981. The sportscaster will be tired again, but he will try to remember what he has learned.

He will pack his fieldglasses for his trip to the Superdome, because he will want to watch the big defenses because big defenses win New Orleans Super Bowls. Always. He will promise himself

not to watch scrambling quarterbacks, because scrambling quarterbacks lose New Orleans Super Bowls. Always.

He will not predict that one team can't win the big one, because that theory has been disproved at a New Orleans Super Bowl.

He will not predict that a first-time Super Bowl team cannot win, because the Steelers did that. He will remember all the quotes from knocked-out fighters. He will take careful notes on the halftime show, just in case.

What else?

He will bring along the stomach pills. He will skip the trench coat. What the heck. His body has explained it all. A New Orleans Super Bowl is different.

Q. Do the saints really keep marching in?
A. All the time.

No stopping. Never.

by LEIGH MONTVILLE



The Dallas Cowboys blasted the Denver Broncos 27-10 to win under the lights in the first Super Bowl game played in the resplendent new climate-controlled, \$163 million Superdome (above) in New Orleans. Left, Cowboy Roger Staubach (12) comforts his old friend and former teammate, Bronco Craig Morton, after the Denver loss.

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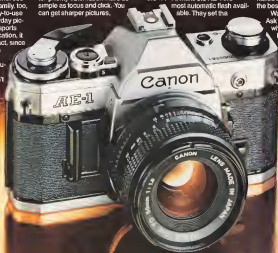
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XV

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When this season began, Ronnie Carr, a 6' 3" sophomore guard for Western Carolina University, was just one of those jump-shooters who, as they say, "could fill it up." But at 7:06 p.m. on Nov. 29, 1980, Carr became a footnote in college basketball history. That night the Catamounts were playing at home against Middle Tennessee State, and 3:51 into the game they trailed the Blue Raiders 5-4. After a Middle Tennessee turnover gave the Catamounts the ball out of bounds under the Raider basket, Western's Larry Caldwell found Carr wide open deep in the left corner. When Carr buried the 23-foot jump shot, the 2,750 fans in Reid Gymnasium erupted, and the referees halted play to retire the ball permanently. A phone call was immediately placed to Southern Conference headquarters in Charlotte, N.C., and every detail of the accomplishment, even the exact time, was dutifully reported. A few days later, the conference shipped an 11x17 glossy photograph of Carr, the historic ball bearing his autograph, and a 90-second video tape of the occasion to the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass.

Why all the hoopla over a hoop? Because of Carr's redoubtable accuracy, this particular effort from downtown Cullowhee had special significance; it was the first three-point field goal ever scored by a college player in a regulation game and marked the beginning of a season-long experiment. The Southern Conference, in conjunction with the NCAA rules committee, is trying to determine whether the three-pointer, anathema to traditionalists but a delight to those loose constructionists who prefer the wide-open style of the NBA, deserves a place in the college game.

Last summer the NCAA gave the conference permission to test the proposed rule during its 72-game regular-season schedule, the post-season tournament in March and in selected games against non-confer-

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The Catamounts' Carr leads the league in three pointers

ence opposition. At the end of the season the NCAA rules committee will make an evaluation. "There are only three ways this thing can go," says J. Dallas Shirley, Southern Conference supervisor of officials. "The NCAA can say thanks a lot for all your effort, say let's experiment with this for another year, using either your conference or a different one, or adopt the three-point goal outright. I'm not sure one season would be enough time to swing it through, however."

Although the three-pointer is making its official college debut, the concept's genesis can be traced back to Howard Hobson, a member of the Hall of Fame, who won 400 games in 21 seasons as a coach at Oregon, Yale and Southern Oregon, and who first demonstrated the possibilities of the three-pointer while a 42-year-old graduate student at Columbia in 1945. Hobson, who in 1939 guided Oregon to the first NCAA basketball title, staged an exhibition between Columbia and Fordham in which three points were awarded for baskets made from 21 feet and beyond. But although the demonstration was impressive, the three-pointer never was adopted until the old American Basketball League was formed in 1961. Six years later the ABA employed it. But not until now has it been given a serious trial in the college game.

The Southern Conference, which is often obscured by the great shadow cast by the Atlantic Coast Conference, saw the experiment as an opportunity to get some attention. "There's no question that exposure's one of the paramount reasons we're doing this," says Furman Coach Eddie Holbrook. "When you're in the location we're in you have to fight for all the publicity you can get."

But while the three-point rule has attracted the expected media attention, few could have imagined the impact it would have on the early conference season. Firing from behind an arc drawn 22 feet from the basket, conference teams have con-

continued

nected on 48 of 144 three-point attempts (33%) in the first 32 games, 18 of them in league play. So far this season NBA players shooting from behind a three-point arc are ranging from 22' to 23' 9" at the apex are averaging 23%.

Most Southern Conference coaches use the three-pointer as a late-game attempt to come from behind. It already has been the deciding factor in five games. In Davidson's 79-73 double-overtime upset win at Marshall on Dec. 8, a 24-foot jumper by Wildcat Guard John Carroll with 22 seconds remaining cut the Thundering Herd lead to 65-63, rather than 65-62. After getting the ball back on a missed free throw, the Wildcats scored a two-point basket that sent the game into overtime. "We would have won the game if it hadn't been for the three-pointer," muttered Marshall Coach Bob Zuffelato. "That's why I don't like the doggone thing."

Zuffelato's feelings are based on more than just one game, however. "I really don't think we need gimmicks at the college level," he says. But he admits that the fans have taken to the experiment. "You can hear the murmuring in the stands, feel the anticipation," he says. "It makes me cringe, but it's great for the fans." Holbrook had reservations about the rule, but they may have been eased a bit after a 5-for-5 performance by Paladin Forward Michael Hunt in an 85-81 overtime defeat of Western Carolina. "The more I think about it the more I ask who the game is really for," Holbrook says. "I guess I let my coaching ego take precedence over the fact that it's for the fans and spectators."

But while the offense excites the fans, defending long-distance shooters can become a nightmare for the coaches and players. "You can't relax a second," Holbrook says. "We try to make the good shooters put the ball on the floor and literally drive them into the two-point area. We try to overplay them and deny them the ball, and when they do get the ball we're all over them."

"You don't ever want to foul on a three-point goal," says Zuffelato. "Because then we're talking about four possible points. It gives an unfair advantage to the offense."

One offense it hasn't helped as much as the coach might have liked is Western Carolina's. Even with Carr, the Catamounts dropped their first two Southern Conference games although they

were preseason favorites to win the title. Nonetheless, Coach Steve Cottrell, who is one of the rule's strongest supporters (so is Davidson's Eddie Biedenbach), says, "The positive benefits outweigh the negative. I assure you, Western Carolina is going to provide its share of three-point data to the NCAA."

Western has designed plays to set up the three-pointer, most of them for Carr, who may be a more dangerous shooter outside the semicircle—far outside, in fact—than inside. "His freshman year I tried to do some great coaching and attempted to explain the percentage factor," says Cottrell. "So in practice one day I moved him in a couple of steps and he went 1 for 10. Later I apologized to the team and to him for having done it." Carr leads the conference in three-point attempts (22) and field goals (9) and ranks second in scoring behind Appalachian State's Charles Paytor with an 18.8-points-per-game average. (NCAA stats count Southern Conference three-point baskets as two points.)

In high school Carr copied the jumper of his older brother, Everne, a former St. Louis University player, and developed a fluid, graceful one-hander. "It's the motion I have in my shot that counts," he says. "I try to use my legs and my arms and try to get good balance. I feel so comfortable with it, it's like I was born with it."

Though Western dropped a 77-68 decision to Davidson last week, Carr exhibited his extraordinary range. After a lackluster first half in which he went 4 for 11 and was chided for forcing his shots, Carr came back in the second half with a pair of three-pointers. Those two, plus one each by Caldwell and Kevin Young, cut a 10-point margin with 1:25 remaining to four points with 35 seconds left. Carr finished with 26 points; he was 11 of 21 from the floor overall, and converted four of seven three-pointers, one a 35-foot heave at the final buzzer.

Although Carr knows and accepts his role as Western Carolina's designated shooter, he doesn't want that tag to carry over into the NBA. "I think about the pros sometimes, but I don't think I'm a complete player yet. I'm working on my defense and my ball handling. My shooting helps me to be a part of this team, but sometimes it bothers me. I want to be a total player, but right now I accept my role and I'm proud of it." So he'll just keep firing from 22 feet away.

THE WEEK

(Jan 5-11)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST When undefeated DePaul zipped to a 28-12 lead over four-time loser Old Dominion, the Blue Demons looked like a sure bet to earn their 48th straight home victory. Despite poor play, DePaul led by seven with 1:50 left. Then the Blue Demons went from sloppy to slapstick, missing several foolhardy jumpers from 15 and 20 feet out, and committing two costly mistakes. First, Clyde Broadshaw bounced the ball off his knee and out of bounds, after which Grant Robinson scored a basket that cut the Monarchs deficit to 62-61 with only 11 seconds to go. On the ensuing inbound play, Billy Mannu stole a pass from Terry Cummings and put in a layup with eight seconds remaining to give Old Dominion a stunning 63-62 triumph. As they have been on several occasions this season, the Demons were out-rebounded by a smaller team, this time 54-31. icy 38.9% shooting also hurt DePaul, whose Mark Aguirre missed 12 of 16 floor shots. The Monarchs shot even worse—33.7%—but came through in the clutch and got 21 points from Ronnie McAdoo.

"I'm thoroughly embarrassed," Marquette Coach Hank Raymond said after an 84-72 loss to Southern Mississippi. Three days later his pride was restored by a 54-52 upset of Notre Dame. "It's always been my dream to beat Notre Dame on a last-second shot," Warrior freshman Glenn Rivers said after doing precisely that with a 35-footer off the backboard. But the Warriors wouldn't have won had it not been for Dean Marquardt, who had been playing so poorly that Raymond had benched him recently and had gone with three guards and no big man. Against the Irish, though, height was needed, so Marquardt started. The Marquette center, who was averaging 2.2 points a game, scored 15 and blocked three shots.

How hot was Purdue? Well, the Border-makers shot 75.5% (37 of 49) while upsetting Michigan 81-79, easily breaking the Big Ten accuracy mark. That was only part of the story. Purdue Guard Brian Walker sank a shot when his 20-foot alley-oop pass, intended for Keith Edmonson, turned into an alley-oop basket that went right through the net. Russell Cross fired in 21 points for the Border-makers, while Edmonson and Drake Morris added 20 each. Edmonson had 26 points in another victory, 73-65 over Ohio State.

Indiana's Ted Kitchel was also cooking, scoring 40 points during a 78-61 rout of Illinois. Kitchel, who was averaging 9.4 points a game, put in 11 of 13 field-goal tries and set a Big Ten mark by hitting all 18 of his free throws. The Hoosiers, who are tied with

continued

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Purdue for the Big Ten lead, also defeated Michigan State 55-43.

"We were so worried about Ohio State's front line that we overlooked the guards—and that beat us," Iowa Coach Lute Olson said after a 78-76 defeat. Two Buckeye guards, Todd Penn and Larry Huggins, sparked their team to victory. Penn came off the bench to clamp down on the Hawkeyes' Kenny Arnold, who had scored his team's first seven points but added just seven more after being "Penned in." Huggins held Vince Brookins to only four points, 12 below his average. Both Iowa and Michigan quickly bounced back, the Hawkeyes beating Michigan State 65-57 and the Wolverines downing Minnesota 68-67 in double overtime on an off-balance shot by Marty Bodnar.

Kentucky and Louisiana State won at home and on the road and wound up sharing the SEC lead. The Wildcats overcame 17 turnovers and Tennessee's slowdowns play to squeeze out a 48-47 victory on Fred Cowan's 18-footer with six seconds to go. Auburn wore orange jerseys for the first time ever when Kentucky came to town. According to legend, a similar tactic had helped the Tiger football squad knock Georgia out of the 1978 Sugar Bowl. This time orange didn't work, the Wildcats winning 79-66.

Vanderbilt also tried the unusual. The Commodores, who arrived at LSU with an 89.9-point scoring average, the SEC's best, used a zone to slow down the action. No problem, said the Tigers, and romped 77-41 with the aid of Willie Smith, who scored 16 of his 18 points in the second half. It was the LSU defense, however, that made the big difference, forcing 29 turnovers, 10 on steals, giving the Tigers 124 thefts in their first 12 games. LSU then won 81-69 at Mississippi State.

Last season South Alabama's John May scored only 10 points in three games against Virginia Commonwealth. Last week May netted 25 against VC and led the Jaguars to a 76-62 triumph. "South," as Jaguar fans call their team, took two more conference games—92-61 over North Carolina-Cherokee and 74-54 over Georgia State—with Rory White racking up 48 points.

WEST "I honestly think we can win," said Southern Cal Coach Stan Morrison before playing at UCLA, where the Trojans hadn't come out on top in 11 years. Among the requirements for victory, according to Morrison, were to "rebound effectively, cut off their fast break and not get fatigued." Although such wishes are seldom fulfilled this side of Fantasy Island, the Trojans, down by nine at the half, won the second-half board battle 16-13, throttled the Bruins' fast break and, using only seven players, kept up the pressure. Jacques Hill put USC in from 66-64 when he stole the ball and sank a basket with 36 seconds to go. Then Rod Foster of UCLA tied the score on a jumper 11 seconds from

SI TOP 20

1. OREGON STATE (12-0)	2 *
2. DePAUL (13-1)	1
3. VIRGINIA (11-0)	4
4. KENTUCKY (10-1)	6
5. UCLA (8-2)	3
6. LOUISIANA ST. (12-1)	9
7. WAKE FOREST (12-0)	10
8. NOTRE DAME (8-2)	5
9. MARYLAND (11-2)	7
10. CLEMSON (12-2)	12
11. TENNESSEE (10-2)	14
12. MICHIGAN (10-1)	13
13. IOWA (9-2)	8
14. UTAH (13-1)	16
15. BYU (12-2)	15
16. S. ALABAMA (13-1)	18
17. MINNESOTA (9-2)	17
18. ARIZONA ST. (11-2)	19
19. ILLINOIS (9-2)	11
20. N. CAROLINA (10-4)	20

* Last week

the end. Finally, with one second left, Mo Williams wrapped up a 20-point night with a 20-foot jumper to give the Trojans the long-sought triumph, 68-66. USC had begun the week with a 63-64 overtime loss to Washington, while UCLA had started off by doubling Washington State 87-61.

Three victories put Oregon State alone at the top of the Pac-10. The Beavers' Steve Johnson was benched early in a game at Arizona for committing what Coach Ralph Miller called a "dumb" foul. Back in the game, Johnson poured in 32 points and latched on to 12 rebounds as Oregon State won 61-49. At home against Stanford, Johnson sank 12 of 14 floor shots for the second game in a row as the Beavers won 76-62. Johnson and Mark Radford each had 26 points in that one. California held Johnson to just three points, but Radford had 22, seven assists and four steals as Oregon State prevailed 80-53.

Arizona State was another three-time victor. Alton Lister popped in 23 points as the Sun Devils burned Oregon 104-64 and 26 in a 90-62 win at Washington. Sandwiched between those easy wins was a hard-fought 62-59 overtime victory at Washington State, where Arizona State took advantage of three turnovers in the second extra period to put the game away. Against the Huskies, Lister had his string of successful foul shots ended at 18. Such marksmanship is new for the Sun Devil center, who entered the season with a 55.9% career figure from the foul line. With the help of Coach Ned Walk, Lister has learned to relax, concentrate and "get more leg" into his free throws. "I need to bend my legs to get them relaxed," he explained. "So I dribble the ball five times and then bend. Then I dribble

five more times and shoot." It's paid off; Lister is shooting fouls at a 73% rate this season.

Utah's front line really piled up the points while beating Hawaii 100-87 and San Diego State 97-74. Tom Chambers scored 46, Danny Vranes 40 and Karl Bankowski 34. Brigham Young deflected the same team, Hawaii 91-74 and San Diego State 84-73, as Danny Ainge hit for 64 points and Greg Krie added 35 more and took down 30 rebounds.

MIDWEST Arkansas continued to stand tall, but Texas A&M's Wall continued to fall. The Razorbacks, who swept past Texas Christian 85-51 in an SWC contest, have won their last three games by a total of 108 points. A&M, however, lost at Baylor 53-44 and at Texas Tech 72-70 to extend its losing streak to five games.

Meanwhile, the fortunes of Louisville and Missouri were rising. The Cardinals took a pair of Metro road games, defeating Tulane 73-53 and Cincinnati 83-68. Steve Sipanovich, who was supposed to give Mizzou a shot in the arm but on Dec. 27 accidentally shot himself in the upper arm with a pistol, proved he had made a rapid recovery. By coming off the bench to grab 12 rebounds and score nine points, Sipanovich helped the Tigers sink Navy 88-67.

Bradley and Tulsa were two-time MVC winners. While the Braves won on the road—88-86 at West Texas State in overtime and 83-58 at New Mexico State—the Golden Hurricane prevailed at home against Southern Illinois 85-67 and Wichita State 91-84.

Evansville beat Loyola of Chicago 73-70 in its Midwestern City opener, its 11th victory in 13 tries. For the Purple Aces it was their best start in 13 seasons.

In women's play, a 24-point performance by Lynette Woodard of Kansas during an 80-59 defeat of Stephen F. Austin made her the all-time top Division I scorer, with 3,206 points. The victory also marked the 111th game in a row in which Woodard scored as double figures for the Jayhawks.

EAST DePaul will remember Maine. But Maine will also remember the Blue Demons, particularly Mark Aguirre, who put on one of the finest displays ever seen in New England. Aguirre earned his team to an 85-77 triumph by sinking 19 of 26 field-goal tries and scoring a career-high 47 points. With Maine leading 30-27, Aguirre poured in 11 consecutive points to put DePaul ahead for keeps. Aguirre excelled despite two injuries—a sprained ankle he suffered the day before and a frightening headfirst crash onto the press table during the game.

Aside from wood-burning stoves, the hottest items in New England were the Connecticut Rams, now 10-0. En route to beating Syracuse for the first time since 1974, the Rams asked the question, How would they fare without their mass man, Corny Thompson?

continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

son? The answer, just fine. With Thompson benched with four fouls, Connecticut upped its lead from eight points to 14. The Rams' 6' 11" Chuck Aleksinas outdid like-sized Dan Schayes of the Orange, outrebounding him 10-6 and outscoring him 20-11 as he sank 15-footers and spinning layups. Following that 78-59 Big East victory, Connecticut beat Holy Cross 66-57 and Seton Hall 57-47.

Stop Ralph Sampson. That was the objective of two coaches, North Carolina State's Jim Valvano and North Carolina's Dean Smith. Valvano's plan was to force Sampson to shoot jumpers, shots the coach hoped would be missed by the Virginia center and rebounded by Valvano's own players. But Sampson hit three straight jump shots, scored 24 points, pulled down 13 rebounds and blocked four shots as the Cavaliers beat N.C. State 63-55. North Carolina led Virginia by seven with 8:30 left when Smith resorted to his four-corners offense. But a Cavalier rally was ignited by Lee Raker, who scored 16 second-half points, and by Otell Wilson, who canned four jumpers in a row. Sampson then tossed in six consecutive points to finish off the Tar Heels 63-57. All of which left Virginia in first place in the ACC with a 3-0 record.

Earlier, North Carolina had come from 12 points back to joint visiting Maryland 74-66 as Al Wood pumped in 21 points. Ernest Graham of the Terps, who called the loss "a humiliation," helped Maryland defeat Duke 94-79 the next time out. Graham had 23 points and eight assists and held Gene Banks of the Blue Devils to just 11 points. Buck Williams also kept the Terps charged up, scoring

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEITH EDMONSON: The 6' 5" junior, who switched from guard to forward this season, sank 19 of 26 floor shots, grabbed 10 rebounds and had 46 points as Purdue dealt Michigan its first defeat and also beat Ohio State.

15 rebounds, scoring 24 points and rattling the rims with five in-your-face dunks.

After Wake Forest had beaten Appalachian State 63-42 and Clemson had stopped Georgia Tech 65-54, the two victors met. The Deacons, playing at home, led by 11 with 11 minutes to go, but Larry Nance, who scored 18 of his 31 points after the intermission, rallied the Tigers to a 67-66 lead with only 2:09 remaining. From there on, Guy Morgan took over, scoring Wake's final nine points—two on a go-ahead basket from the top of the key with 10 seconds left—for a 73-71 victory.

Notre Dame, which defeated Villanova by a point last year when Tracy Jackson heaved in a 40-foot desperation shot that just beat the buzzer, trimmed the Wildcats with ease this time around. The Irish stormed to a 40-27 halftime advantage and won 96-65.

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Indiana has picked up the pace

Behind revitalized Coach Jack McKinney and a host of rejuvenated players, the Indiana Pacers are driving toward their first winning season and first trip to the playoffs since joining the NBA

Indiana is the last refuge for wayward souls, foundlings, the obscure and incorrigible—sort of the Boys Town of pro basketball. One can look at the bleak, snowy fields surrounding Indianapolis and imagine a candlelit scene with (Father) Jack McKinney talking in a desperate Irish brogue to his huddled, uneasy Pacers. Outside, the wolves are howling. "Fellows," says Padre Jack, "we all have to stick together."

By the end of last week, this he-ain't-heavy, he's-my-brother philosophy had taken lowly Indiana to six straight victories and a solid hold on second place in the Central Division. What's more surprising, the Pacers' 27-18 record indicates they could wind up with not only their first winning season since joining the NBA in 1977 but also their first trip to the NBA playoffs. And all of this is being accomplished with a group of migrant workers like Mike Bantom, obscure draft choices like Louie Orr and reborn losers like George McGinnis and Billy Knight. Not to mention a coach, McKinney, who a year ago was thinking more about relearning how to walk than how to juggle a lineup.

Meanwhile, the rest of the league and, judging by the Pacers' abysmal attendance, the fans back home in Indiana, have waited all year for the Pacers to stop building sand castles that won't wash away. After all, guys like Clemon Johnson and Dudley Bradley will never have any basketball shoes named after them, but in their own way—or, perhaps more accurately, in the way McKinney has designed for them—Johnson and Bradley help win games.

Take last week. On Wednesday night at Indianapolis' Market Square Arena, Johnson, a center from Florida A&M, who once asked a teammate to rough him up during practice so he could get accus-

tomed to the physical side of pro ball, was on the floor when Indiana scored 18 straight points against New Jersey in a 112-103 victory. The next night in New York, Bradley, a 6' 6" guard who's one of the poorest three-point shooters on the worst three-point-shooting team in the league, hit a bomb to send the game into overtime, and Indiana went on to beat the Knicks 116-115. Then on Saturday night, in Indianapolis against powerful Milwaukee, again it was Johnson, heretofore a 7.1-point scorer. Clemon scored 17 points in 17 minutes, and the Pacers won 106-102. "I don't know if they're for real," said the Bucks' Marques Johnson, "but if they play like they did tonight, they'll be around a long time."

The Pacers figured to be buried in the standings long before Christmas. McGinnis was the only recognizable name on the roster when the season opened, and at 30 and with a penchant for chain-smoking in the locker room and downing soft drinks during time-outs, he seemed to be looking back at his best years. In Philadelphia, where Big Mac had performed from 1976 to 1978, the cap against him was that he couldn't play with Julius Erving. No sooner did he arrive in Denver in 1979 than it was said he couldn't

play with David Thompson. Then in March 1979 he suffered a serious injury to his left ankle. That and losing seemed to turn things sour for McGinnis. His scoring average fell to 14.7 in 1978-79. Suddenly he was just another player.

This season McGinnis hasn't recaptured the touch that enabled him to score 24.8 points a game in four seasons in the old ABA and 20.5 for his NBA career, but the Pacers don't need



Scrawny rookie Orr has added some muscle to the Pacers' offense.

those points. Counting Forward George Johnson, who's out with a left knee injury now, Indiana has six men in double figures, and a seventh, Bradley, is at 9.6. McGinnis plays about half a game, and when he's in there he's sweating. Against Milwaukee, he asked McKinney during a time-out if he could guard Marques Johnson, which is asking for a chance to be embarrassed, and McGinnis had a hand up when Johnson missed a 10-footer that could have tied the game in the last 15 seconds.

During the off-season, McGinnis went hunting and killed a bear, using—perhaps unnecessarily—a gun. Just ask Reference Jess Kersey. McGinnis trampled Kersey last season and was suspended by the league for two weeks, an incident that contributed to a growing feeling that McGinnis was up to no good on the court. "I'm sure a bunch of people thought a lot worse things than that," says McGinnis. "I know they call me a loser, but I know what I can do. I'm not saying we're winning now because of George McGinnis. But I'm a factor."

McGinnis isn't the only Pacer who has been burdened by a bum rep. Every veteran, with the exception of second-year man Bradley, has been traded, sold or cut loose at least once. McKinney was almost killed in a bicycling accident last year and, upon recovering, was told that he'd lost his job with the Los Angeles Lakers. Then he stepped into an uncomfortable situation at Indiana, replacing favorite son Bob (Slick) Leonard. Leonard's popularity can easily be gauged by the fact that despite his nickname he's now successfully selling both insurance and real estate.

"I think it all goes back to the coach," says Mike Newlin of the Nets. "McKinney has a system and he has them convinced it's the way to go. Take James Edwards. In other years he wouldn't pass the ball. Now he's showing some diversification." Edwards, Indiana's starting center, is averaging almost twice as many assists—2.7 per game—this season as last. He and the rest of the Pacers obviously believe their coach has the answers. "Jack's the most honest guy I ever played for," says McGinnis.

McKinney has worked miracles juggling his lineup to compensate for a rash of injuries. McGinnis has missed 12 games with assorted hurts. Forward George Johnson, who got indifferent marks during one-year stretches at Mil-

waukee and Denver, seems to have found his niche with the Pacers, having led Indiana in rebounding eight times over a 14-game stretch before hurting that knee on Dec. 19. Guard Don Buse, acquired in a trade with Phoenix, still is working his way into shape after a preseason knee injury, and last week Johnny Davis, the Pacers' mercurial playmaker, hurt his knee and will be sidelined, probably for a week. This means that a huffing, puffing Buse is in the starting lineup, with backup being provided by a rookie, Jerry Sichting, who averaged 9.9 in his college career at Purdue and has already been cut by one pro club, Golden State.

McKinney has also made excellent use of the Pacers' top draft choice (taken in the second round), the Indiana rubber man, Orr, a spindly forward who has the knack of slithering in and up for offensive rebounds. Orr is 6'9" and weighs, he says, 190 pounds, up from his fighting weight of 167 during his early college days at Syracuse. Orr was the 29th player taken in the draft, but he has made a big contribution, largely because while he appears to be all skin and bones, he's really mostly guts. "You can't measure heart in weight," says the Pacers' Davis. "Louie has a lot of heart. He's playing like a veteran." In Indiana's overtime win against New York last week, it was Orr who scored six of the Pacers' nine points in the extra period, and his last two baskets came off offensive rebounds.

Last Saturday night Indiana, whose attendance is down almost 2,000 a game, to 8,754, at Market Square this season, had its biggest crowd of the year—14,505—for Milwaukee, and the Pacers responded with a good showing, taking a lead that bulged to as many as 12 points in the third quarter. Then Milwaukee Guard Brian Winters got hot—make that unconscious—with 10 straight baskets, many of them with Pacers all over him. Suddenly Milwaukee had a two-point lead with three minutes left. From that point on, however, the Bucks scored just one basket, a dunk by Marques Johnson, while the Pacers made six free throws and got a big basket from Benton to win by four. "We showed our character tonight," said McGinnis. "A lot of teams would have folded when Milwaukee came back like it did, but we hung in there and beat a good team. We're getting better. By the playoffs, we could be as good as anyone." As long as they stick together.

END

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Yes, every dog has his day

After years of losing to Boston's other hockey powers, the Huskies of Northeastern are now the best of their breed in Beantown and the nation's only unbeaten team

Last Thursday night 3,000 people crammed into the lower level of the old Boston Arena—now called the Northeastern Arena—to see the only undefeated, untied Division I college-hockey team in the country, the Northeastern Huskies. Can it be that the Huntington Ave. Hounds, the Dogs of St. Botolph St. are ranked first in the East? Has the great beneath frozen over or what?

Those 3,000 fans constituted the largest crowd to see a Northeastern home game in 15 years, since before the rats moved into the arena and the balcony was condemned. The crowd didn't go

away disappointed. The Huskies won their eighth straight game, 7-3 over Brown, which had just split a pair of games with Denver, a Western powerhouse. Two days later Northeastern beat RPI 4-2, running its record to 9-0. "We're going to lose sometime," says Husky Captain Jeff Hiltz, a defenseman from Ottawa, "but no team's ever going to blow us away."

That's some change, because getting blown away has been something of a Northeastern tradition in the 48 years it has had a hockey team. This would be more tolerable were it not for the three

colleges that share Boston's impoverished subway system with Northeastern: Boston College, Boston University and Harvard. Each of these has a history of great teams and loyal followers. They've built a fierce and colorful three-way rivalry. The Huskies, meanwhile, have been treated and have generally played like a bunch of dogs. Northeastern's record since 1929 is 398-536-23, and it has had only two winning seasons in its last 10. "Northeastern kids are the leftovers," says Paul Filipe, a junior defenseman from Hudson, Mass. "We're the scrappers. The city kids. The workers. The Catholic kids go to BC, the smart kids to Harvard, and the ones who don't have the money to go to BU come here. The leftovers."

Leftovers with an eye for the barley, at least in the view of one policeman who broke up a snowball fight among members of the Northeastern hockey team earlier this season. Assured by one player that it was all in fun, that they were students at Northeastern, the policeman said, "Northeastern, eh? O.K. All I have to do to break up you guys is roll a beer bottle down the street and watch you chase it." Yuk, yuk.

On the other hand, the image of the Northeastern student body was positively rosy compared to that of the Boston Arena, which opened way back in 1909. Until the fall of 1979, the arena was controlled by the state of Massachusetts, which didn't do such a hot job of keeping it up. The lighting was lousy, and the few fans who dared to enter the arena were terrorized by the roving bands of rats that prowled under the seats. The hue of the arena was described by one player as being "dingy gray paint stained with Coke." Small wonder most of Coach Fernie Flaman's recruits came sight unseen from Canada—a local prospect wouldn't go near the place. "I wasn't going to bring a kid in here," says Flaman. "What would I have showed him?"

He wouldn't have showed him Beantown trophies, that's for sure. The Beantown is the second oldest and the most illustrious college-hockey tournament in the country—and that includes the

Northeastern's Gerry Cowie banks at the door of Brown's goal in last week's 7-3 win over the Browns

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COLLEGE HOCKEY continued

NCAAs. It's held on successive Monday nights in February in the Boston Garden, and it's always a sellout. Year after year more than 14,000 people pile in to watch the four local teams do battle. BC's fans in this corner, Harvard's in that one, BU's over there and Northeastern's in whichever corner is left over. The winners the first Monday meet in the finals at 9 p.m.; a week later, the losers play in the consolation game the following Monday at 6:15. The Huskies' record in the Beanpot is so dismal that Northeastern's sports information director, Jack Grinold, is called 6-15 Grinold. In the first 27 years of the tournament, up until last season, the Huskies were 2-25 in the opening games, 0-2 in the finals and 7-18 in the 6:15 consolations. BU had won the Beanpot 11 times, BC nine, Harvard seven.

Some seasons the Huskies weren't that bad, either. Three years ago they wall-powdered Harvard 14-5 at Cambridge a few weeks before the two teams were to meet in the first round of the Beanpot. Harvard gained revenge by beating NU in the Beanpot in overtime. Another year the desperate Grinold made up BUSKY POWER buttons and sent them to all the local broadcasters. On the opening night of the Beanpot, two Boston newsmen actually wore them while on the air, stripping themselves of impartiality. If those broadcasters had worn Harvard or BU or BC buttons, they would've been drawn and quartered. But what the heck, rooting for the Huskies was like rooting for the Washington Generals against the

Harlem Globetrotters, as one Boston sportswriter put it. Says Grinold, "You'd have to be the meanest man in the street to come up to a public personality and say, 'How can you root for Northeastern?' We've been an underdog that long."

But lo and behold, last year, in the midst of a dismal 7-20 season, Husky Power struck. For the first time, Northeastern won the Beanpot. In the opening round the Huskies beat BU in overtime, and afterward, Grinold said, "I felt like Charlie Brown when Lucy is holding the football for him to kick. All those years, the football has been pulled away. But this time I got to kick it."

The next week they upset Boston College, then the No. 1 team in the East, also in overtime, to win the tournament. That victory turned Northeastern's hockey program around. Recruiting money started to come in from alumni, the school committed itself to renovating the dilapidated arena, and three local high school stars who were at the game decided to accept scholarships. "Winning the Beanpot meant so much to so many people," says Flaman, a former Bruin defenseman whom Gordie Howe once called the toughest player he ever faced. "Everyone was rooting for us but the parents of the other team."



Flaman no longer has to battle real rock rats.

The rest of the 1979-80 season was miserable. At one point chest pains forced Flaman to check himself into the hospital, and Boston College avenged its Beanpot loss by beating the Huskies 9-1. But the wheels had started to turn. The university gave the arena, which it had purchased from the state, fresh paint and new plumbing, overhauled its compressors and redid its locker rooms. "I didn't recognize the place when I came back to school this fall," says leading scorer Sandy Beattie, a sophomore left wing who has been drafted by the Winnipeg Jets. He also didn't recognize the faces of some of his teammates. There were 10 freshmen and two transfer students among the Huskies, and only one senior. "We knew we had some good skaters, but nobody picked us in the top 15 in the East," Flaman says. Seeing us there are only 18 teams in the ECAC, clearly little was expected of Northeastern. But in their opening game, against Harvard, the Huskies showed signs of things to come by scoring six unanswered goals in the third period to win 11-5.

After knocking off two more Ivy League teams, Dartmouth and Princeton, Northeastern faced its first major test on the road against Providence, which was ranked No. 3 in the country. As the team bus was being loaded up for the trip, Hiltz, Beattie and freshman Brian Fahring heard cries for help. A purse snatcher had knocked down an elderly woman and was fleeing with the goods. The three Northeastern players pursued and caught the culprit, and that night, apparently believing they could do no wrong, did as much to the Providence Friars. Trailing 4-3 with five minutes left to play, Northeastern rallied for a 6-4 victory.

Northeastern's biggest win came a month ago at the University of Maine, which was then ranked No. 5 in the nation. The Huskies fell behind 4-1 but rallied for a dramatic 6-5 upset. "That really opened our eyes," recalls Flaman. "We started thinking, hey, we might really have something."

What Northeastern finally has is a winner. Says Assistant Coach Gary Fay, who four seasons ago was a standout defenseman for Boston University, "It goes in cycles in this town. First Harvard is dominant, then Boston College, then BU... then Harvard again... BC... BU... Well, God finally said it was our turn."

Every dog has his day.

END



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Sports Illustrated
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WE COVER YOUR FAVORITE SPORT..

There must be more Apache than Mormon in Johnny Miller. He's to desert golf what eggs are to an omelet. But his victory last week, on a desert course in Tucson, was still something of a surprise, a very nice surprise. That the tall blond with the stylish game could start off the new season by winning the first tournament of the year—and winning it “in the heat,” as the pros say—is a good sign for the game. It's an even better sign for Miller, of course. He's a player of enormous talent who once could challenge Jack Nicklaus for the headlines and the lion's share of the prize money. Then after a four-year flirtation with immortality, he vanished for about the same period of time. “Whatever happened to Johnny Miller?” became a question that could only be answered with certainty by the courtesy car driver who took Miller to the airport after he'd missed another cut.

Miller blames his eclipse and the deterioration of his game on poor putting. After being as good a player as there was in the world from 1974 through 1976, he went 49 months without a victory and sank deep into despair. In 1974 he won eight tournaments and more than \$350,000, which was then a record, but by 1978 he was a lonely figure who won only \$17,440 and slid to 111th place on the earnings list. He talked a lot about quitting, but happily for the game he didn't.

Miller's comeback began late in the summer of 1979, when he tied Tom Watson in the Colgate-Hall of Fame Classic. Though he lost the playoff, his name was back in the papers. Last year in Florida he won the Inventry Classic, but when he made no other serious challenges the rest of the year, that accomplishment was tossed aside as a fluke, despite winnings of \$127,117, good for 30th on the money list. But Miller knew he was on the way back.

Last Sunday afternoon in Tucson, after blazing in with a final-round 65 on the Randolph Park municipal course and winning a tournament in the clutch, he said, “Nobody knows what it's like to spend four years being nervous over ev-



Miller credited his win to a new antique putter, but he also had the old drive when he needed it

Heeeere's Johnny—again!

Johnny Miller, who used to burn up the desert, took another step in his comeback with a win at Tucson, which may be as good news for the sport as it is for him

ery putt and wondering if you're ever going to win again. I guess winning had been too easy for me in the first place.”

As so many reviving golfers do, Miller gave most of the credit for his victory to a new putter—or, rather, an old one, a 1945 Tommy Armour. A friend in Napa, Calif. had given it to him before the Tucson Open.

“The minute I had it in my hands, I knew it was the one,” Miller said. “My game was working its way back, and when I found myself standing over a putt actually thinking about making it instead of which side I was going to miss it on, I had a feeling I would play well.”

It was Miller's ninth victory in the desert. He had won at Tucson and Phoenix and La Costa in 1974, at Tucson and Phoenix and Palm Springs in 1975, at Tucson and Palm Springs in 1976—all before going into his tailspin. But none of those wins was as sweet as last week's, particularly because of the way in which he accomplished it.

Miller started Sunday two strokes behind the leader, Dan Halldorson. Miller birdied two holes on the front nine, and with nine holes to play on a damp, chilly day, he found himself tied for first with Lon Hinkle, one of golf's better players and a tenacious competitor.

continued

"I can't say I thought I was going to win, because I didn't know how I was going to react under the pressure," said Miller, who was playing in the group behind Hinkle's. "Lon is a great player, a step away from being a superstar."

Hinkle birdied the 10th hole to take a one-shot lead, but Miller birdied the 12th and they were tied. Miller grabbed the lead when he birdied the 14th, but Hinkle evened matters with a birdie at the 15th. It all came down to Johnny Miller looking like the Johnny Miller of 1974 at the par-four 17th hole.

As officials scurried around putting the gallery ropes back in place on the first and second holes, preparing for a sudden-death playoff, Miller hit a three-wood off the 17th tee and then hit one of those seven-irons for which he was famed in his glory days.

Back then, Miller was always a close-to-the-flag hitter; when he was on a hot streak, he could tear the pins out of the cups. That's how he shot the 63 at Oakmont when he won the 1973 U.S. Open, and that's how he twice shot rounds of 61 while winning all those tournaments in the desert.

Now at the 17th Miller stuck a seven-iron in there about four feet from the

flag, and when he confidently rammed the birdie putt into the cup with his new-old putter, the tournament was his. His four rounds totaled up to a 15-under 265 and the check for winning added up to \$54,000.

The Tucson Open also belonged, off and on, to Halldorson. The tournament began the way most desert tournaments do, with somebody shooting a 63. This time it was Halldorson. The public had every right to ask: Who's Dan Halldorson? Within the preceding three months, he'd twice been a winner, but not on television and hardly in newsprint.

A stout, blond, bespectacled 28-year-old Canadian, Halldorson won the Pensacola Open, the last official event of 1980. It was his first victory on the PGA tour. The Pensacola Open was played in the middle of October, which is to say it was played in the middle of football season and the baseball playoffs and didn't attract much attention.

Two months later he teamed up with countryman Jim Nelford to win the World Cup in Bogota, Colombia, but that didn't attract much notice, seeing as the event was played without a coup or a revolt or a record drug bust taking place on the premises. Thus, Halldorson was an Tucson as an oddity: a combination two-time winner and basic unknown.

Halldorson yielded the lead to Miller after 36 holes, but reclaimed it by firing a 66 during Saturday's third round, while Miller had an even par 70. Halldorson built his two-stroke lead to three after seven holes of the final round on Sunday. From there on, however, he had more bogeys than birdies, and his one-over-par performance for the day wasn't good enough to stave off Miller or Hinkle. Halldorson settled for third, but it's evident golf is going to hear more from him.

The Tucson Open wasn't televised, so the latest—perhaps that should be final—step in Miller's comeback was witnessed only by desert folk. Winning is one thing, but winning the way Miller did it—under pressure—is something else entirely. Chances are he could have done it even if he hadn't been in the desert. Fans of golf must hope so.

So also must PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman, who has been genuinely concerned lately about an apparent trailing off of interest in golf. The return of Miller, always a crowd-pleasing figure, has to be good news. It's certainly a far better solution to the popularity problem

than last year's gambit—Official Statistics. These were issued weekly and were intended to create an ongoing interest in the game that the money list couldn't engender. The stats were relegated to agate type or oblivion by sports editors, but the computer stayed on the job.

It can now be revealed that the leaders in some of the categories in 1980 were as follows: Dan Pohl was the longest driver with an average whap of 274.3 yards; Jack Nicklaus hit the highest percentage of greens in regulation (.721); Andy Bean made the most birdies (388); Jerry Pate averaged the fewest putts per round (28.81); and Mike Reid was the most accurate driver, hitting the highest percentage of fairways (.795).

In fact, Reid was the overall statistical star, though, rather curiously, he didn't win a tournament. Along with being first in driving accuracy, Reid was second in reaching greens in regulation and fourth in birdies, and his scoring average (70.78) was the sixth best. When you looked for him in another category, it was understandable why he didn't win. He was tied for 81st in putting. Even so, Reid earned \$206,097 and was ninth on the money list.

Beman's 1981 innovation to encourage interest in golf involves television. Upon arriving in Tucson the commissioner announced that players will wear live microphones in events that are aired by CBS and NBC. The mixing of players will be subject to guidelines, however:

- 1) It's voluntary. A player has the option not to wear a mike.
- 2) All players in the same group must be informed of the mike before the start of the round.
- 3) Players may turn off or have the mike removed at any time.
- 4) Players wearing mikes accept the responsibility for their language and conduct.

Beman was told that this experiment could result in at least one new statistical category: which player, in the heat of battle, will send the most no-no words into America's living rooms? The commissioner admitted there were "inherent dangers" in the use of the microphones, and said that the experiment would be closely watched—and listened to.

Miller will be more interesting to watch. If it turns out that he has fully regained his skills, then golf may well be able to forgo gimmicks.



Halldorson's face will surely be better known.

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PHIL OLSEN
Merlin's kid brother



career

After 15 seasons of knocking 'em dead for the Rams, Merlin Olsen is off to a socko start in show biz, where unlike some erstwhile colleagues he's no drag

by Bob Ottum

CONTINUED

It's 9-10 a.m. and he's clomping along at a modest 10-minute-per-mile pace, hating every minute of it. "Jogging," he says, "is my idea of nothing to do." The trail winds through the leafy glades and meadows of Lacy Park in San Marino, Calif. Pasadena is off to one side nearby and Los Angeles is out there somewhere. Jogging housewives, when they see him coming, suddenly run a bit straighter, shoulders up, tummies pulled in and chests thrust out. "Oh, hell-o there," they say musically. It's celebrity-identification time. He nods back at them and grunts morosely, perspiration glistening in his beard.

This is Merlin Jay Olsen, tending to his body at age 40. He's 6' 5" and 240 pounds, with a massive chest easing down to a 36-inch waist. His weight is 25 pounds less than his last, and lightest,



Olsen, here discussing game plans with partner Dick Enberg, has just become NBC's top analyst

playing weight is a Los Angeles Ram—and considerably less than he weighed when he joined the Rams in 1962. He was 294 then, and it took two days to walk around him. But now he thinks a lot about metabolic balances and carries just what it takes to push all his bulk around.

"I don't know where I got this size," Olsen says. He speaks in tired bursts, in time with his footfalls. "Good nutrition, I guess. I mean, I spring from perfectly average, if sound, pioneer American stock. My two grandfathers were both about 5' 7". One grandmother was just 5' 1", and the other was even smaller, maybe 4' 11". My dad is an average 5' 10½".

A pause follows while Olsen glances around, hating the jogging, hating the morning.

Everything seems to check out. The two not-so-big grandfathers, the little grandmothers and his dad. Wait a minute. How big is your mother, Merlin?

"Seven feet tall," he says.

It has been four years since Olsen



Jonathan Garvey's beard will go when Olsen gets to star in his own NBC series come the fall

last major football telecast, but more about this in a bit. First one must understand what's happening to Olsen now, and why.

He's attempting to pull off a rare feat, a daring double transition in careers, and at the moment he's in delicate midstride. Olsen's step, step, slide from football into sports commentary was relatively easy. Now he's doing a more difficult step, step, slide into dramatic acting, starting with television staples like *Little House*. His own TV series is set. After that comes big-screen movies. And the next thing you know, Olsen is going to be America's new John Wayne.

This is assuredly not an idle prediction. A number of key people in the entertainment industry have divined this already and are shaping their plans to take advantage of it. If you are *continued*

stopped playing defensive tackle after 15 seasons of hammering and slugging people about for the Rams. The time has been spent in coming off his hipness, in one sense, while establishing a highly visible presence in another. Olsen is now TV's best football color man and an emerging character actor as well, performing both roles with a distinctive voice that is almost a growl, as if he keeps it tied up outside at night. He is the gentle giant, Jonathan Garvey, of *Little House on the Prairie*, and he will deliver the analysis during NBC's Super Bowl XV telecast on Sunday, Jan. 25. Olsen's analyses are a monument to homework. He watches game films, taking detailed notes; he talks to players; he visits locker rooms, making the rounds slowly, cubicle by cubicle; he visits training rooms, sitting on the bare tables and watching routine taping as if it were major surgery or peering into Jacuzzis as if some special knowledge will swirl up from their foaming depths.

Super Bowl XV may well be Olsen's



Always a good skater, Merino takes to the wheels with Nathan, Jill and Kelly—but not Susan—in tow

Merlin Olsen *contested*

suddenly smitten with a need to ask who in God's name needs another John Wayne, that's certainly a fair question. But it's also beside the point, because that's what you're going to get.

The elements are in place, starting with a commanding size that carries with it a certain oust to the head. Little people don't have it. Olsen also has a fine squint that makes him appear to have a relaxed attitude. Actually, the squint masks intense alertness, as anyone who has ever seen a John Ford Western knows. All this is strictly oldtime gun-fighter stuff, but if one doubts the importance of it, he has only to look at the next closest man in the John Wayne mold to see that it's no contest. Clint Eastwood, who has the height and the characteristic hip-forward slouch, just that cannot squint properly. Oh, he narrows his eyes, all right; to a fault, in fact. But get Eastwood out in the bright sunshine in front of the saloon, and he looks like he's suffering from progressive myopia. And the last important point: inside Olsen's persona, serving as a backdrop, is a comforting sense of solid niceness, which fans recognize at a glance. They feel it viscerally. And while there may be villainous roles—Olsen has just finished one as a hired killer in an episode of *Walking Tall*—the audience will be indulgent, loy-



Proof that Olsen did famously at Utah State

al, not believing any of it for a moment, waiting for their man to come back.

For the record, one should note here that Wayne was 6' 4" and 244 pounds in full maturity, within one inch and four pounds of where Olsen is now. And

Wayne was also a football player, in his case at USC. In 1969, back when it was thought cute to sign sports figures to cameo roles, Olsen even appeared in a movie with Wayne, *The Undefeated*, but that non-epic is best forgotten.

In many ways, all of this offers a dismal prospect for Olsen. Folks will take to calling him Big Merlin, and his career could fall into a predictable mold, with Olsen forever clomping around in out-sized cowboy boots. Still, it's difficult to manufacture what isn't there, and the young Wayne is the way much of Hollywood sees Olsen right now. Listen to Michael Landon, himself a victim of typesetting, who grew up as the kid brother on *Bonanza* and then side-stepped to *Little House*. Landon sees in Olsen the same ability to project a sort of monster sincerity that the late Dan Blocker had. "Merlin gives off quiet strength," says Landon. "You might be able to fool them in the movies, but never on television—the truth of what you really are always shines through. Look, I know that Merlin would like to play villains now and then, to bring some variety into his career. But I would personally prefer that he didn't do it. Snarling is the easy way; acting the way he does is now is much tougher."

It's pretty strange that seemingly nobody in Hollywood can see the irony in all this; perhaps they've forgotten or, more likely, never known that Olsen is capable of enormous and frightening violence. He bunged away on football fields for more than two decades, missing only two games in 22 years of high school, college and pro action. After joining the Rams in 1962 he was named to the Pro Bowl every year for the next 14, an NFL record. Olsen was the Rams' MVP in 1970 and 1972, Southern California Athlete of the Year in '72, the NFC's most valuable lineman in 1973, the NFL's MVP in '74. One doesn't earn such recognition by doing dainty *entrechats* in the direction of the offensive backfield. "At 285 pounds I was *extremely strong*," Olsen says, "and it was all usable strength that I could direct against opponents, not like that of a weightlifter, whose fears of power are all restricted." *continued*



Good times roll when Olsen relives the Fearsome Fourtime era with Roy Roy and Deacon Jones

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Merlin Olsen *continued*

Olsen bowled over entire teams. He stamped, he spat, he growled. When he cleared his throat, it sounded like a snow-plow blade being pushed along a dry street. "I was as ugly as a torn pocket," he says. "And what folks tend to forget in a long career like mine is that going to the Pro Bowl 14 times adds up to an entire extra season of play."

Still—and this is important—Olsen committed all his mayhem with a serenely thoughtful look on his face. One of NBC's publicity pictures is an 8x10 black-and-white glossy showing Olsen closing in on San Francisco's John Brodie. And in spite of the incipient murder, Olsen looks bemused, like a man thumbing through *National Geographic*. He didn't look any meaner then than he does now.

Maybe Olsen's look of inner peace comes from his pastoral childhood. He was the second child and first son among the nine kids born to Merle and Lynn Olsen. His youth was spent in a small town called Logan, the jewel of Cache Valley, a high, lush meadowland some 85 miles north of Salt Lake City where, because of some climatological quirk, bountiful crops and peaches the size of softballs grow. The Olsens—and most everybody else in Cache Valley—are Mormons, and the Mormons have an absolute penchant for odd names: LaVell, LaDell, Nepht, Moroni. So the name Merlin figures. At first, folks thought that it was a melding of his parents' names, Merle and Lynn, but not so. Lynn had simply liked the name ever since she'd read *King Arthur*, and that was that. Don't laugh; it could have been Gawain Olsen, All-Pro defensive tackle.

The Olsens weren't wealthy, but they got along beautifully because everybody pitched in. "With nine kids to feed, everything was planned," Merlin says. "We did it all like a factory. We'd drive a truck up into Idaho and haul back a ton of potatoes. We'd can 1,600 quarts of peaches a season on an assembly-line basis, washing and peeling and slicing, passing them along from hand to hand. My folks would buy 100 chickens at a time, and we'd line everybody up and prepare the chickens for the freezer. And in season, we'd add elk and venison—I was only seven when I first helped Dad pack deer out of the woods."

So much for childhood. In this con-

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dened version, Olsen goes through Utah State University in a flash, which was really pretty much the case anyway. The team didn't accomplish a whole lot beyond tying for the Skyline Conference championship in his last year, but Olsen was named a Helms scholastic and athletic hall-of-famer, won the Outland Trophy as the nation's most outstanding collegiate lineman, became a consensus All-America and played in the East-West, Hula Bowl and Chicago All-Star games. Olsen also came away with a B.A. in finance, carrying a 3.64 (out of 4.00) average, making Phi Beta Kappa and graduating *sommo cum laude*. He later added a master's degree in economics. To top off his college career, he made off with the incomparable Susan Wakley, about whom more in a page or two.

Of his success in the classroom, Olsen says, "Economics comes easily to me, and we all seek out what we do well in life. I had in mind becoming a businessman. And I was good at logic and reasoning; figures were comfortable inside my head." Exactly. The way Olsen saw it, there is a logic in pro football that a reasoning mind can quickly grasp.

Olsen's First Rule of Logic: you never, but never, scream in pain when you're decked and stomped on. You get up as best you can and just say to the offender, "I'll be back." Say it forcefully. And then do it.

Olsen's Second Rule: always intimidate a quarterback. Deliver a solid blow upon him, if possible. It will serve as a reminder to him; there'll be times when he won't be able to see you, but he'll know you're there, somewhere.

Olsen's Do's and Don'ts: if you're viciously kicked in the groin—not just once, but twice in the same game—do not, repeat, do not shower and dress and drive yourself to the hospital. This is brave but unwise. You'll always find upon arriving that your groin is so swollen you can't get out of the car. However, if the hospital won't discharge you when you feel you should go, do get right up from bed and walk out and drive yourself home—in your nightie, if necessary.

Perhaps the most important rule was arrived at during the 1960s, when Olsen was a pillar of the Rams' Fearsome Foursome of Roosevelt Grier, Lamar Lundy, Deacon Jones and himself. To wit:

Olsen's Logic of the Semi- continued

The advertisement features a large, stylized illustration of a runner in red shorts running up a hill. The hill is labeled with the words "WATER", "SODIUM", "GLUCOSE", "CHLORIDE", and "POTASSIUM" in large, bold, yellow letters. In the foreground, there are three Gatorade products: a small bottle, a medium bottle, and a large bottle, all labeled "Gatorade". The background is a dark, textured surface with some foliage. The Gatorade logo is visible in the bottom right corner.

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“Nothing’s more important to me than keeping my body fit. And I know that Zinc is an essential mineral for every man who wants to maintain good physical condition. That’s why I make sure our wrestling team takes Z-BEC.® It’s rich in Zinc—a metal ‘more precious than gold’ for helping a man stay in shape.”

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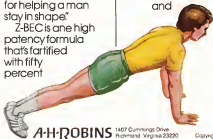
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Let Z-BEC fulfill your body’s normal needs for 6 essential B-Complex vitamins, as well as Vitamin E, Vitamin C and Zinc



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conscious: keep in mind that toward the end of a brutal game, you're occasionally going to be playing in a coma. Your moves become like those of a trained animal—instinctive; your head swings shuggily like that of a wounded bear. Now then, if you can play in a coma—and find that your reactions are possibly better than when you're fully conscious—you know that all your training has paid off.

Olsen's training certainly paid off. And some of it seemed to rub off on kid brother Phil, who's eight years younger than Merlin. Phil first signed with the Patriots but briefly played side-by-side with Merlin in 1971 until an injury took him out of the lineup. And once, even Dad made the team.

"It was early in my career, in 1962, and the folks had come down from Cache Valley to see their first pro football game," Olsen says. "I felt good about them being somewhere up in the stands. The offense was in and I was sitting on the end of the bench when suddenly I felt someone tap me on the shoulder." Olsen gets up and tells the rest of it with accompanying gestures.

"I turned around and it was Dad. Somehow, Lord knows how, he had talked his way past the guards at the bottom of the stands. Then he had gotten on the field and at the track had talked his way past another set of guards—and that takes a lot of doing. Maybe it was that special Utah look about him. There was about a minute and a half left in the game; we were winning 'Dad!' I said.

"What in the world are you doing down here on the field? Listen, you're not supposed to be down here." And he nodded. "It's all right, son," he said. "I just wanted to tell you that I walked up to the top of the stadium here and I looked over the side and I could see down into the parking lot. And I've never seen so many cars in my life, son. So I think your mother and I are going to leave a few minutes early. Get a head start on them."

"Well, I stood up and put my arm around him and was saying something about how really great it had been that they'd come to the game, when suddenly I had a strange sensation that something was terribly wrong. I looked around—and the defensive team was gone! The ball had changed hands, and my unit was on the field. So I jumped into *continued*



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the air and I hit the ground running as fast as I could, struggling with my helmet, heading for midfield.

"And then I was aware that something, someone, was running along beside me. I looked around—and it was Dad. There we were, out in the middle of the field in front of cheering thousands. 'Dad! Listen,' I said, speaking for some insane reason in a hushed voice, 'you're not supposed to be out here. You're right in the middle of a football game.'" Olsen pauses and looks around. "Oh, really?" Dad said. "Well, well. I thought the game was over and you were going out there to shake hands with the other team." "

That was early in Olsen's career. Along toward the end, just about everything began to hurt, including a lot of nooks, crannies, tendons, ligaments and out-of-the-way joints that he hadn't even known he had. It got so bad that Olsen—then suffering from a severely jammed neck that probably made him a couple of inches shorter than he recently had been—refused to go into the training room. "Look," he'd tell the trainer, "you're not really going to be able to help me, I know. And I also know that I've got to start next week. Better then that I should try and relax with my pain and my family instead of messing with it."

Olsen's body took all the guff without too much reproach until, before the start of the 1976 season, he announced that this was the beginning of the end. He would find something to do come next year, but it wouldn't be playing football. Actually, three years earlier Olsen had taken pen in hand and figured out, with devastating logic, the rest of his life.

He did it by elimination. "There's a tendency among football players to ride too long with their success," he says. "They always have a vague notion in their minds: 'I'll just retire someday and become president of IBM,' or something like that. They can't make the transition from football to the real world. They lose their identity and it destroys them; it's happened to so many of my friends."

But not Olsen. "I figured it this way, like a problem in reasoning. First, my personal needs. I was accustomed to the spotlight, therefore I couldn't go into corporate anonymity. Then, I was accustomed to making pretty big money; I wanted that to continue, of course. And, finally, I wanted something that offered

both challenge and pressure. It shook down to only two possibilities: broadcasting and acting. When you think of the logic involved, it was an easy decision." Having reasoned it out, Olsen then drafted his own proposed television contract, legalese and all.

There was a time, right up to a few weeks ago, when the story of Olsen's contract wouldn't have been entirely believable. But it is now, thanks to the wonderfully screwy *Charlie's Angels* case. No, no, not the investigation into purportedly misdirected funds at ABC; it's what the case revealed that counts. On Dec. 2, the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office, in noting that there was no cause for criminal action, also commented that the TV entertainment industry was so mixed up that while tons of money changes hands, nobody seems to know exactly where any of it goes.

Perfect. Olsen had been getting steady raises and he knew that his final salary as a Ram would be well over \$100,000. Thus, in drafting his proposed new television contract, he lightly wrote in a figure, knowing with the inescapable logic of an economics major and Phi Beta Kappa that the TV folks would likely double it. And naturally he was right. "The final figure turned out to be about \$200,000," Olsen says, "and all of my hopes in that first contract were met or exceeded." Olsen had doped out the illogical secret: In television, it isn't the money; they'll pay anything, positively anything, just to sign the talent and keep the other networks from getting it.

"Three days after I wrote my sample contract I flew to New York," Olsen says. "I talked to people at NBC, ABC and CBS, letting them know that I was interested. I didn't sign, but the talks were satisfactory. I succeeded in getting my name on their list. And when I was ready, four years later, they were ready, see? The only way to have charge of your life is to take charge of it." Olsen picks up an imaginary life by the throat and shakes it around.

All of which brings up Olsen's last rule of logic. There he was, in civvies at last, wearing a size 48 XL blazer with the NBC escutcheon on the breast pocket. "O.K., guys," he said, "tell me the part about the training program on how to be a col-

or man." And the NBC executives did one of these: "Uhuh, the uh, the training program. Right, Merlin? Well, uh, you see, we don't really have..."

All for the best, as it has turned out. It taught Olsen to do his own research, to talk to coaches and players and to apply his own acquired knowledge. Coaches show him game plans, knowing he'll never betray them on the small screen. On the air, Olsen lucidly tells the viewers who has just done what to whom—even unto the cheap shots, which, he notes, are all part of the game.

Now it's the prospect of another career that's changing Olsen's life. Enter Landon again, part actor, part producer. He's lounging between takes on the *Little House* set, wearing homespun shirt, suspenders and frontier pants and boots. He looks like an authentic pioneer poor man, and between appearances on camera, as if to reassure himself of his real-life riches, he slips on his solid gold watch.

"Merlin's audition tape by NBC was terrific," Landon says. "I talked to him and we hit it off right away. I wrote him into my *Little House* series as a new character—Jonathan Garvey. Someone I could play off, like I did with Dan Blocker on *Bonanza*. But remember now, Merlin's actual, real-life character is what we're portraying here—a sensitive man of great strength. I would say that there's no limit to his future."

Indeed, success has forced NBC's hand. Because of interlocking contract commitments, last fall the network debatably didn't describe an episode of *Little House* as a pilot for a new series—but that's what it was. In the pilot, entitled *A New Beginning*, Garvey loses his wife, moves into town to take over a freight business and promptly runs into trouble with young punks running a protection racket. Garvey complains to the sheriff, and guess what? He gets sworn in as a deputy and nabs the culprits.

"The whole thing was done within the *Little House* framework," Olsen says, "but it would have been a fine spinoff for a new series starring Jonathan Garvey. Just think," he graps his full, reddish beard and tugs gently at it, "this beard will come off."

And now for the late news. Last week NBC spokesmen finally and officially confirmed that Merlin Olsen *continued*

Miller drinkers pull the switch for Schlitz

100 loyal Miller drinkers take live TV taste test—37% prefer today's Schlitz

Football fans looked on as Schlitz took on Miller in a live taste test aired at halftime of last week's AFC Championship game. One week earlier Schlitz battled Budweiser with similar success.

In the dramatic test 100 loyal Miller drinkers chose between two unlabelled beers—their Miller and today's Schlitz. There were plenty of surprised Miller fans, when numbers of panelists pulled the switch for Schlitz.

Each of the 100 was served the two beers in identical unlabelled mugs, and directed to indicate "no preference" or to pull an electronic switch toward the preferred beer.

The large scale tasting was the first live TV test of its kind. Final results were unknown until the score flashed up on national television.



Miller fans express surprise at number selecting Schlitz

Panelists who pulled the switch for Schlitz were surprised. Similar reactions have been registered in other head-to-head comparisons across the country. "I'm surprised, really surprised," said Bill Weber. "Miller's just not what I thought it was."

"I guess I got a little shocked," reported Byron



It was Schlitz vs. Miller Beer—and former NFL Referee Tommy Bell called the score for Schlitz in the live TV taste test.

How you can take the "Great American Beer Switch" test

This test requires two identical mugs, a Schlitz and your regular beer, at equal temperature. Label the mugs "1" and "2" so the taster won't know which beer is which. Pour the beers to equal heights out of the taster's sight.

To ensure that the choice is made on taste alone, serve the beer in non-transparent mugs or have the taster close his eyes. Then he samples both and chooses the beer that tastes better. Now you taste. Did you pick your regular brand? Or today's Schlitz?

100 loyal Miller drinkers chose between unlabelled mugs of their Miller and today's Schlitz.



Schlitz hits Super Bowl telecast with super taste test challenge—today's Schlitz versus Michelob

Live from New Orleans on Super Sunday, January 25th, Schlitz will take on the biggest challenge yet. Tune in just before second-half kickoff and watch Schlitz go head-to-head against Michelob.

Michelob drinkers will be the judges. Will they choose Michelob or will they pull the switch for Schlitz?

There's no way of knowing, because it's all happening live. Don't miss the action.

Miller fans not alone: 50 out of 100 Bud fans also pick Schlitz

Schlitz' impressive showing against Miller was not the first time loyal beer drinkers picked Schlitz over their favorite brand. Fans of another top-selling beer, Budweiser, were also surprised to find themselves selecting Schlitz in a previous "Great American Beer Switch" test broadcast just last week on national TV.

By taking on two leading beers Schlitz is registering a message about the taste of its beer. In his three years at Schlitz, Chief Executive and Master Brewer Frank Sellinger has been concentrating on making Schlitz the best tasting premium beer on the market. Now Schlitz is using some of Bud and Miller's customers to prove he's done it.

"I knew it" says Schlitz' Sellinger

The results of the TV taste test were not unexpected for Schlitz Chief Executive, Master Brewer Frank Sellinger, who joined the company three years ago. Sellinger was happy to put his Schlitz to the test on live television. "I've been brewing good beer for 40 years," said Sellinger, "and I believe that today's Schlitz is my best ever." It seems that quite a few Miller and Bud fans agree.



will star in his very own dramatic series. It'll be an original drama, continued every week, a Western period setting—and the network even has a tentative spot for it: Sundays at 7 p.m. starting next September. Everything else about the series is as secret as secrets are in the TV industry. "We start shooting it in May," Olsen says, "and listen, I don't know—who knows?—what the title might be. *Sheriff? Or Rifleman? How about Off Comes the Beard?*"

There it is, back to the central theme: the big guy as lawman, followed by a gradual identification in the American subconscious until the image jells. John Wayne time all over again.

The age is just about right: Olsen's face is starting to crag up nicely. The lines are deepening across his forehead—most of them put there originally by repeated bashes from the brow of his helmet. The furrows recall the awful violence of his charges off the line. Now a smallish ridge of cartilage has built up along Olsen's brow line and a faint scar runs through the left eyebrow. And, further in terms of age, his walk will soon start to become as characteristic in its way as Wayne's was; nothing much Olsen can do about that. After undergoing major surgery on his right knee 10 years ago, he wears his traumatic arthritis like a badge of office.

"Comes with a long playing career," he says. "Susie and I always knew that football was a temporary job. When we first came to Los Angeles we figured, 'All right, we'll do this for two years—it'll be a lot of fun—and then get on with our real lives.' And then we figured that I would play for five—so that I could qualify for my pension. And then the money got going quite well and . . . just think of how effective I might have been if I had had a mean streak in me."

"Mean streak? Mean? Listen to me," says Rony Grier, "Merlin's a good family man and a Christian. He's what you want your children to see on TV. He deserves a good career."

Grier has become something of an actor and talk-show gadfly since retiring; he always speaks dramatically now, building elaborate sentences full of religious references. "Most players allow their gifts to fade away when they retire," he says. "But not Merlin. Listen, you take what God gave you to start. Re-

member, God'll provide the arenas; He'll sign your entry forms. It's a shame that we can't utilize our former football players more than we do. We could use them to keep our national pride going. And then they wouldn't have to be said and think, 'Well, I can't carry that ball no more and I'm done.' Merlin is a positive figure; you understand what I'm saying? Part of the pollution in this country today is that too many people fill the air with negatives."

Susie Olsen buys the part about ex-players who allow their gifts to fade away; as a football wife, she has seen it happen to some of their friends. "Too many of them sit around for about two years after retiring and just stare at the walls," she says.

The Olsen family includes daughters Kelly, 15, and Jill, 13, and son Nathan, seven. Susan, a woman of strong bearing and direct gaze, is a throwback to the type of woman who used to be called spunky. She says what she means, and she takes Merlin's career in absolute stride, being absolutely candid about what it can or cannot do for the family.

"The acting—that is, getting used to it—has been a cinch," she says. "But we have to be careful; it could be the sort of career that could drive one into the ground. You're in danger of becoming such a commodity that your ego becomes involved. But in his *Little House* role, Merlin's actually playing himself. We'll have to wait and see."

The Olsens deliberately live in what they call the real world—a huge, semi-beat-up old house in old-money, established San Marino. It's comfortably cheek-by-jowl with other big, fine old houses and is far from the glitter of Beverly Hills. The neighbors are aware of Olsen's acting career, but they forgive him that, and when they all get together, nobody talks movie talk.

"We don't exactly swing with the Hollywood jet set," says Susan. "That is, we're not always popping over to Hugh Hefner's for drinks. Most of our friends are real people; naturally, not too many are left from pro football. No groupies hang on to Merlin's coattails. His image is changing a bit. His groupies used to be little boys. Now they're 12-year-old girls."

And now for one last attempt to broaden the image base. Would you accept Merlin Olsen, hired killer? An assassin? "One of the best in the business," says the script in describing Olsen's role in *Hitzman*, a one-hour episode in *Walking Tall*, which is NBC's and Bo Swenson's effort to pump more life into the already overworked story of Sheriff Buford Pusser. "At last," Olsen had said in accepting the job, "a chance to play a contemporary character."

And so it was that a few weeks ago, Olsen was there on the taven set, wearing well-cut gray flannel slacks, a blue blazer and a pale blue, open-neck golf shirt, looking eminently believable in spite of his beard. Olsen, as Web McClain, has been hired by the bad guys to bump off Pusser. The sheriff doesn't tumble to this, not right away. He thinks that big, bold, bearded Web is his pal.

The script calls for a contemporary scene in which Olsen and the heroine, Jane, played by Courtney Pledger, are sitting in Olsen's parked Mercedes coupe.

"Why don't we go over to my place for a drink?" he asks, full of sexy menace.

"Your . . . motel?" she asks.

He nods. "We're both over 21."

Well, that's about as racy as it gets, fans. She doesn't go to the motel, and here comes the big fight scene. It's one of those real, old-fashioned tavern wreckers, starting when Olsen and Swenson overturn their table and then swing furiously on a whole bar full of bad guys. The camera closes in as they start to lift the table.

Cut.

And here comes the final irony: one of football's greatest, biggest, baddest crushers of them all, the slashing defensive lineman who scattered 'em and shattered 'em for 15 years with the Rams—all 6' 5" and 240 pounds of muscle—now steps aside. The extras come in, the stuntmen and the stand-ins. The camera starts up again, and they stage the fight with frightening, crunching realism while Olsen stands off to one side, quietly mashing an apple.

Wouldn't he like to be out there fighting? Smashing those guys like in the good old days?

"Me?" Merlin Olsen says, and that easy, pleasant smile shows through the beard. "You forget that I'm a very, very gentle man."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 5-11

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—Philadelphia (39-7) and Boston (34-11) resumed their Atlantic Division lead the league as neither team lost a game. The Nets defeated San Antonio 135-107 to snap the Spurs' seven-game winning streak, and then beat Houston 187-94 and Chicago 117-102. Larry Bird put 119 points in the Celtics' dismantled Portland 130-111. Phoenix 108-80, Chicago 117-111 in overtime and New Jersey 117-113. That was the Nets' 12th loss in a row. Their 11th was a 112-85 defeat by the Suns (35-16), who maintained their 4½-game lead in the Pacific Division despite a 113-100 loss to Atlanta and the setback in Boston. New Jersey's run loss was to Central Division-leading Milwaukee (37-8), which also beat San Diego 128-85 and Atlanta 98-91 before falling to Indiana (86-103) Jan. 9-10. In the Midwest, San Antonio (30-15) stayed near games ahead of Kansas City with a 113-108 victory over New York and a 132-88 triumph over Portland, or which James Silas had 11 points in one of his team's fourth-quarter comebacks. In two Utah victories, 121-117 over Denver and 99-97 over Dallas, Adrian Dantley scored a career-high 51 and 40 points, respectively. He 31.7 points average at week's end led the NBA.

BOWLING—STEVE MARTIN defeated Marshall Holman 715-115 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Anaheim, Calif.

CHERRY—Bernard 416 in 35, Robert Halmer of West Germany withdrew from his candidates match with VIKTOR KORCENKO in Moscow, Italy. Korcenko, the Soviet champ, who risked loss in Switzerland, and Soviet champion Anatoly Karpov of the U.S.S.R. for the world title later this year.

PRO FOOTBALL—In the NFC Championship game, Philadelphia defeated Dallas 20-7, while Oakland beat San Diego 34-17 in the AFC (page 16).

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER shot a 15-under-par 265 to win the \$200,000 Tucson Open by two strokes over Lon Hinkle (page 10).

HOCKEY—Wash. 10 of the week's 13 NHL games ending in ties. It was hardly surprising that only 148-goal Chicago and 10th-place Boston had perfect records. The Black Hawks defeated Pittsburgh 3-2, Colorado 4-2 and the Penguins again, 5-3. The Bruins triumphed at Winnipeg 4-1, over Detroit 7-4 and the Islanders 4-1, while Key Biscayne scored the game-winning 4:41 of the third period. The Islanders, who were tops in the league with 60 points at week's end, also got a 3-2

win in their game, but came up one second short as a 50-foot slap shot roared on open goal by Mike Bossy (page 36) arrived just after the green light. Batted the shot's weak back better than it ended, with a 6-1 victory over Toronto, in which Bossy had six assists and Left Wing John Tonelli had five goals. They then lost 7-3 to Pittsburgh as the Penguins made 30 shots on goal to New York's 15. "What does a coach tell a team after a stinkier like that?" said Islanders Coach Al Arbour. "I'd have to tell them anything. They can't be very intelligent. They know what they did wrong." St. Louis, in second place with 59 points, defeated Quebec 6-3 and drew with Philadelphia 3-3 and Los Angeles 4-4. The Flyers and Caps were tied for third place in the standings with 57 points. Philadelphia Montreal lost to Winnipeg 4-2 to start with with over Detroit (6-2) and Pittsburgh (4-2) and a 5-3 tie with Quebec. The week's good conduct award went to eighth-place Vancouver and 10th-place Minnesota, who elicited only five major penalties while dropping to a 1-1 record.

MARATHON—BILL RODGERS won the Houston Mar. 10 at 2:12:15, defeating Dick Beardsley by 30 seconds. Alvin Karpis was first among the women at 2:37:27, four seconds ahead of Laurel Brader.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON driving a Chevrolet set an average speed of 95.26 mph, won the Winston 500-km race at Northside (Calif.) International Raceway. He finished 1:23 seconds ahead of Terry Lavigne, who also drove a Chevy.

TENNIS—JOHN MCENROE defeated Jimmy Connors 6-2, 6-4, 6-1 to win the \$348,000 Challenge of Champions tournament in St. Louis.

PETER MCNAMARA and PAUL MCNAMEE defeated Victor Amaratunga and Paul Whitman 6-3, 2-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2 to win the \$200,000 World Doubles championship in London.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED by the Chicago White Sox Board of Directors, the sale of the franchise for \$20 million to a local group headed by Jerry Reinsdorf, a real-estate investor, and Eddie Ebersole, a television executive. The group, which must still receive league approval, could take control of the Sox by Feb. 1.

FIRE—As coach of the Washington Redskins, two-time NFL Coach of the Year Jack PARDEE, 44, after a 6-10 season.

KILLED—As football coach at Boston College, JACK BICKNELL, 43, who resigned as coach in 2-4-80 after a 4-7 season. His record over five years was 18-35-1.

To succeed Pat Dye as football coach at Wyoming, former offensive coordinator AL KINCAID, 31, who was an assistant at Alabama and East Carolina before accompanying Dye to Wyoming last year.

As coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, MIKE NYKULIUK, 46, a former defenseman with the Rangers and Flyers and five seasons in the Leafs' radio commentator. He replaces Joe Crozier, 51, who one year before had been fired after a slump in which Toronto lost nine of 19 games. His record with the Leafs was 18-25-4.

KILLED—In a bar fire at Caledonia Farm in Lexington, Ky., 14 standsteeled broodmares, all with foals including HAPPY LADY, winner of more than \$500,000, who was in fact to start Haverhill.

NAMED—By the AAUW as its outstanding women's college athlete of 1991, JULIE SHEA, 21, of North Carolina State, national champion in the 3,000-, 5,000- and 10,000-meter races.

PLACED ON PROBATION—For one year by the NCAA, the Oregon State Football program, because of violations of the player eligibility rules committed between 1977 and 80.

RETIRED—After 17½ seasons in the NHL, New York Rangers Center PIERRE ESPERTE, 38, to become an athletic coach and part-time administrator. Before he was traded to New York in 1973, Esperte played for Chicago (1965-73) and Boston (1973-75), where he was an All-Star six times. League MVP twice and played on two Stanley Cup-winning teams. In 1970-71 he set the record for the most goals (35) and points (132) in a season. He retired as the second-most points producer (1,589) and goal scorer (177) in NHL history.

CREDITS

10-15—Peter Reed Miller; 16-10—Richard Mulkey; 20-21—Peter Reed Miller (top right); Andy Hays; Ben Tom; right: Richard Mulkey; 22—23—Jerry Wacht; 24—25—Jerry Wacht; 26—27—Jerry Wacht; 28—29—Jerry Wacht; 30—31—Jerry Wacht; 32—33—Jerry Wacht; 34—35—Jerry Wacht; 36—37—Jerry Wacht; 38—39—Jerry Wacht; 40—41—Jerry Wacht; 42—43—Jerry Wacht; 44—45—Jerry Wacht; 46—47—Jerry Wacht; 48—49—Jerry Wacht; 50—51—Jerry Wacht; 52—53—Jerry Wacht; 54—55—Jerry Wacht; 56—57—Jerry Wacht; 58—59—Jerry Wacht; 60—61—Jerry Wacht; 62—63—Jerry Wacht; 64—65—Jerry Wacht; 66—67—Jerry Wacht; 68—69—Jerry Wacht; 70—71—Jerry Wacht; 72—73—Jerry Wacht; 74—75—Jerry Wacht; 76—77—Jerry Wacht; 78—79—Jerry Wacht; 80—81—Jerry Wacht; 82—83—Jerry Wacht; 84—85—Jerry Wacht; 86—87—Jerry Wacht; 88—89—Jerry Wacht; 90—91—Jerry Wacht; 92—93—Jerry Wacht; 94—95—Jerry Wacht; 96—97—Jerry Wacht; 98—99—Jerry Wacht; 100—101—Jerry Wacht; 102—103—Jerry Wacht; 104—105—Jerry Wacht; 106—107—Jerry Wacht; 108—109—Jerry Wacht; 110—111—Jerry Wacht; 112—113—Jerry Wacht; 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Let's have disposable retirement income, not disposable retirees.

Despite \$609 billion in pension funds today, tomorrow could be less than golden.

More men and women are retiring, often years earlier, and

living to collect checks longer.¹ While inflation's share of those checks keeps increasing.

Can Social Security prevent disaster? At best, it's a partial answer. At worst, it may go broke unless its bite on salaries goes *much* deeper or its provisions change drastically.²

The burden is on private pensions. And we at Aetna Life & Casualty are convinced private pensions can help shoulder it.

Employers can't pull dollars out of thin air. So let's change tax laws that discourage small businesses from setting up pensions in the first place.³

Let's also give employees incentives to put a little extra into their company pension or savings plan. And—especially important for today's mobile work force—improve their pension vesting.

Neither last nor least, pensions should be better designed to stave off the munching of inflation. Aetna's acutely aware of this problem, and we're working on it.⁴

If you don't want the American dream of retirement to be permanently retired, use *your* influence with the powers that be—as we are trying to use ours.

Aetna wants retirement to be affordable.

¹America is crossing over to what's been called "the other side of the baby boom." The median age is shifting upwards, and with it the proportion of over-65's to the general population. In 1979 there were 5.4 workers to every retiree, as opposed to 7.5 to 1 in 1950, and by 2030 the ratio will be about 3 to 1.

²Social Security was never

intended to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age,

pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... reduce benefits in general.

³Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason. Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases,

they can't write off anything.

⁴Current estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

WINFIELD'S MILLIONS

Sir:

I've had two memorable personal experiences involving Dave Winfield (*Riches And the Block*, Jan. 5):

A few years ago he was interviewed on the radio by Lou Boudreau during a two-day delayed Cubs game. I tuned in during their talk and clearly remember saying to myself, "Who is that guy?" He was so intelligent, so enthusiastic, so articulate.

The following March I was eating dinner in a restaurant in Scottsdale, Ariz. With an old Chicago friend who had moved to San Diego. Nearby, a tall, handsome man got up to leave. As he walked by our table my friend recognized him and, as a sports fan will, began a conversation with him. Yes, it was Dave Winfield, and he was warm, outgoing and as friendly as a native Chicagoan—and that's friendly!

To me, Winfield is a class person, and Ron Fieritz's incisive article helped to show it.

DON BORZAA
Evansville, Ill.

Sir:

I think Dave Winfield is a super individual, but I don't care what anybody says, he's not worth \$22 million. I have looked at his statistics. If he's worth \$22 million, then George Brett must be worth \$50 million!

DEREK DAVES
College Park, Md.

Sir:

The House That Ruth Built cost less than Dave Winfield.

JEFF FARNEY
Houston

Sir:

Dave Winfield wants us to believe he has never reached his potential because he has performed for a team mired in the second division. The implication is that Winfield will now excel for the contending Yankees. However, a super professional athlete should reach high standards of achievement regardless of his team's standing. I hope George Steinbrenner won't be surprised this season when Winfield hits .280 and knocks in 85 runs.

RICHARD P. CULAVES
Louisville

Sir:

I can't understand why anyone would object to Dave Winfield's salary. Noted Las Vegas entertainers earn \$250,000 and up a week. People pay to see them. Baseball "nuts" will also pay to see a Yankee outfielder of Winfield, Reggie Jackson and, maybe, Fred Lynn.

PAUL M. NIEDEWECKT
Bethany, Okla.

THOSE LEGS

Sir:

Your magazine has long had a knack for selecting athletes with intriguing personal stories and then writing excellent profiles on them. That tradition continues with the article on Gayle Olinek ("Greatest Legs to Ever Stride the Earth," Jan. 5). Olinek may well have the greatest legs in the world, and she surely has led an interesting life. I admire her for her ability to come back from adversity and for her dedication to "non-glamour" sports. She is a credit to all athletes and women bodybuilders, and Dan Levin's story and Richard Mackson's photographs instruct us as to just how much dedication and ability those sports require. If hers is, indeed, the body of the '80s, we could do much worse.

AL BERNSTEIN
Skoie, Ill.

Sir:

My knees grew weak, I couldn't speak.

Those Olinek legs—just magnifique!
JACK O'BRIEN
Captain, USMC (retired, but not dead)
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir:

That was a super article on Gayle Olinek. She really is an inspiration to all women trying to get in shape. She has an excellent physique, yet she is feminine. I pinned her picture on my wall and work to look even half as great as she does. As Gayle said, "I'm convinced that look—my look—is the look of the '80s." I know she's right!

MOLLY BANAY
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Should we applaud Gayle Olinek's inspirational comebacks against the many adverse conditions and injuries she has faced, or should we denounce her total disregard for proper care of herself during hard times and when she was injured?

By the way, I'd choose the "distorted" female form of a Playboy centerfold over Olinek's form in the '80s, '90s and on and on.

DAN D'AGOSTINO
Gaithersburg, Md.

Sir:

There's no doubt that Gayle Olinek has a great pair of legs, but if her look is the look of the '80s, I'm going to become a monk.

BRIAN T. GOETTL
Lexington, Ky.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Sir:

Oh, SI, how could you? Your choice of the U.S. Olympic hockey team as Sportsman of the Year took me by surprise. (A Remind-

er of What We Can Be, Dec. 22-29). Granted, what the team accomplished was amazing and great for the American people. I, too, went out of my mind. However, there also was a young man by the name of Eric Heiden in those same Olympic Games, and in my opinion he deserved the honor. I don't think anyone has ever dominated an Olympic sport—or any other sport, for that matter—as Heiden did speed skating en route to his five gold medals.

MIHKEI OJAMAA
Lexington, Mass.

Sir:

The U.S. hockey team truly was "a reminder of what we can be." However, we believe that an even better selection would have been the members of the U.S. Summer Olympic team. They are a reminder of what might have been.

TIM AND MARY WALSH
Atlanta

Sir:

The political value of an Olympic victory is the only reason I can see for the hockey team's selection. How else could you pass up year-long champions like Edwin Moses, Maggie Johnson, Tom Watson, Eric Heiden, Earl Campbell and Julius Erving? Heck, Edwin Moses has been the best athlete on earth for three years and he has never even been on your cover.

BRAD KEARNS
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Sir:

While those young Olympic hockey players were amazing the world at Lake Placid, a young Canadian athlete named Terry Fox, who had lost a leg to cancer, was planning to dip his artificial leg in the Atlantic and then run across Canada to dip it in the Pacific to raise money for the fight against that disease. He made it only as far as Thunder Bay, half of the way, but while the glory of the Olympics is fleeting, Fox's contribution—more than \$20 million has been raised for cancer research—is more lasting. He deserved better from you, SI.

RICHARD V.H. BUELL
Sudbury, Ontario

Sir:

SI's choice was a good one, but the omission of Kansas City Royals Third Baseman George Brett as runner-up was a mistake.

G.L. (MAC) McDONALD
Charlottesville, Va.

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